

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Liverpool: its Commerce, Statistics, and Institutions; with a History of the Cotton Trade. By HENRY SMITHERS. 8vo. pp. 461. Liverpool, 1825. Kaye and Co.

WHEN Dr. Lyall (to whom we ought to apologize for neglecting to conclude our review of his last work) dedicated his History to the Emperor Alexander, his imperial majesty felt so offended, that he issued an order forbidding any person to dedicate works to him without previous permission. Our present sovereign, from we presume similar motives, has prohibited his Hanoverian subjects making him the apparent patron of their works without his sanction. Fortunately for some authors, the restriction has not extended to this country, or certainly Mr. Henry Smithers would not have dedicated his work to George the Fourth.

We are not generally very anxious to know who is the author of any work (save the Letters of Junius, the Poems of Ossian, and a few other works of this sort), but we really should like to know Mr. Smithers; for, if the volume before us be fair evidence, we should judge him to be quite a *rara avis* in his way. In the last leaf of the present volume, which we approach with as much joy as Bruce did the source of the Nile, we find a list of six works by the same author, not one of which, we honestly confess, we ever saw or heard of. A greater variety, however, could scarcely have been presented: there is Affection, a poem; Thoughts on the Effects of Peace on Landed Property, in prose, we presume; The Beneficial Influences of the Arts and Sciences, The Progress of English Poetry, Observations on the Netherlands, and Uriel, a poetical address to the late Right Honourable Lord Byron.

The last work determines the country of Mr. Smithers, who is evidently a Scotchman, and gifted with that enviable talent—*second-sight*, for we find the second edition of this address to the late Lord Byron published in 1823, whereas his lordship, as all the world knows, did not die until 1824; but what is Mr. Smithers to Lord Byron, or Lord Byron to Mr. Smithers,—our business is with Liverpool.

Rarely have we opened a book with more eager anticipations of deriving pleasure and information; never were we more disappointed: for Mr. Smithers is an ignorant, bungling and partial historian, without even common industry, and destitute of talent. He commences with an introductory essay on national prosperity, which has no more reference to Liverpool than it has to London, VOL. VI.

Bristol, Glasgow, &c. &c. In this introduction, we are gravely told that 'the real wealth of a nation consists in its general prosperity, and that 'it is not essential that every acre of land should be in cultivation for the food of man; some portion may be allowed for cattle.' How philanthropic Mr. Smithers is!—why his humanity for the brute creation stamps him a second Martin!—This introduction records some extraordinary discoveries made by the author, not certainly very grammatically expressed: thus, we are told—' Salubrious air, [and a] fertile soil, contribute to produce an industrious peasantry; that virtue is not one of the 'precious metals' though it is favourable to the increase of human knowledge; and that, religion cannot consent to come into court like a criminal.'

After the introduction comes Fragments of History and of Antiquities, very properly denominated, for the author treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*: he gives us an account of the sale of the Isle of Man, a discussion on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and other things equally irrelevant. We thank him, however, for one passage worth quoting; it is copied from a MS. written by Sir Edward Moore, in 1667:—

“CASTLE STREET.—Bridge, widow, a poor ould woman. Her owne siste, Margrat Loy, being arend for a witch, confessed she was one; and wⁿ she was asked how long she had so bene, replied, since y^e death of her mother, who died 30 years agone, and at her decease she had nothing to leave her and this widow Bridge, yt were sisters, but her two sperites, and named them the eldest sperit to this widow, and y^e other sperite to her, ye s^d Margrat Loy. God bless me and all mine from such legases. Amen.”

Mr. Smithers is like some of the old historians, who always begin at the beginning; and thus a very meagre account of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is prefaced by a notice of the religion of the ancient Britons, and the first introduction of Christianity into this country, which would have been very proper, had the former ceased, and the latter commenced, in Liverpool. In the account of the dissenters, we are told that the ‘Reverend was minister in 1823.’ Surely

if it were of any importance to know the name of the Scandinavian preacher, the blank might have been filled up. Mr. Smithers is evidently a political economist, and he rings the changes on the term ‘national prosperity,’ in almost every chapter; and no sooner does he mention it than he quits his subject for a dissertation, if such incoherent observations as he makes can be called a dissertation. In

his account of the state of religion in Liverpool, he gives a statement of the population and number of churches in New York, and closes with a would-be pathetic picture of what would be the consequences were scepticism to prevail generally.

Some of our readers have, perhaps, seen a little comedy, called ‘Shot at a Pigeon, and killed a Crow;’ this appears to be a perfect illustration of Mr. Smithers, for everything he aims at he misses: thus, we have an article headed ‘ecclesiastical architecture,’ which occupies two pages; but all that relates to Liverpool is the remark that ‘St. Luke’s Church, now erecting, from the designs of Mr. John Foster, will become the pleasing task of some future historian to describe.’ The next article, on cemeteries, occupies a page and a half, from which we gather that the dead are buried in the town and churches of Liverpool as in other parts of England; and that Joseph was interred at Sichem.

The account of the commerce of Liverpool, though ill written and worse arranged, is, perhaps, the best portion of the work; but we suspect his fellow townsmen will not thank the author for dwelling at such great length on the slave trade. One remark, however, is worthy of notice, namely, that ‘tread on a worm and it will turn,’ which Mr. Smithers considers full proof, that if you keep men in slavery they will rise in insurrection, if they can. From the account of the commerce of Liverpool we quote the following notice of the cotton manufacture, not at Liverpool, but in Manchester:—

‘The improvements made by Mr. David Holt of Manchester, in sewing-thread, manufactured from cotton, merit particular notice. It is made by firmly twisting, by machinery, three threads of cotton yarn, and constitutes the best and cheapest article for household purposes ever made use of. It is in universal demand, as well in foreign countries as at home. In the metropolis, several shops, in the principal streets, sell this article only. This branch of manufacture is brought to great perfection in Scotland also.

‘It is estimated, that there are nearly two millions of spindles in use in the several factories in Manchester and its neighbourhood; and that not less than 400,000 persons are employed in the various branches of the manufacture, including men, women, and children.

‘The value of cotton yarn is estimated by its length, and is numbered, so as to determine the number of hanks requisite to weigh one pound. One pound of No. 100 contains 84,000 yards.

‘Before the introduction of water machi-

nery and steam-engines, the power of the single wheel did not exceed 50,000 spindles employed in spinning cotton-wool, throughout the kingdom.

'To twist cotton into a thread, it is said to be usually doubled 16,384 times, before it is spun! And to such perfection is the art of spinning now brought, that a thread, upwards of two hundred and fifty miles in length, is drawn so fine as to weigh only one pound, or sixteen ounces; and such is the despatch in the printing department, that five hundred pieces of calico have been bleached, printed, some in single colours, some in demi chintz, and some in full chintz, in three days only.'

This is followed by more than half a dozen pages descriptive of the 'cultivation of cotton in America'; and three or four pages more are devoted to an account of Egypt, merely because one thousand bags of cotton were imported from the latter country into Liverpool, in 1823! We have hitherto only noticed the omissions in Mr. Smithers' work, and the irrelevant matter he has introduced: a person better acquainted with Liverpool than we profess to be would be able to detect many grosser blunders. In some cases we can discover a perversion or suppression of facts: in his Biographical Anecdotes he relates that Mr. Henry Blundell, 'previous to his death, invested the sum of £4,600. in the hands of trustees, to promote and encourage the fine arts in Liverpool, by defraying the expense of an annual exhibition': but he conceals the fact that the money was lodged in the hands of a person who failed, and that the legacy was, consequently, lost to the town. These biographical anecdotes form a singular melange, as they are not confined to natives, or even benefactors of Liverpool; but include any person Mr. Smithers, in his wisdom, chooses to put into his list. Howard, the philanthropist, is dragged in, because he visited Liverpool prison; the same reason would introduce his biography into a history of Paris, Amsterdam, or even Cherson in Russia, where he died. James Brindley is torn from Derbyshire, his native spot, to grace the history of Liverpool, because he made canals in Lancashire. Why the two following have a place we know not:—

'John Jackson, author of an Essay on the Invention of Engraving and Printing in chiaro oscuro, London, 1754, was a native of Prescot in Lancashire. He followed the trade of cutting butter-prints, for shopkeepers; in this humble way of engraving he continued for some time. He determined to travel, and spent twenty years in France and Italy, to complete himself in drawing, after the best masters, and published a number of very fine wood prints, in a masterly style, after the works of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, in folio, and dedicated them to different English noblemen. He took the name of John Baptista Jackson. His work on Italy is dated 1741. On his return to England, he commenced the trade of paper-hanging printer, at Battersea, near London, in very large panels, representing the ruins of Palmyra and other antique de-

sins. After the death of Prince Frederick, the son of George II., not meeting with that patronage which he merited well, he fell into decay, and went to the border country, and taught Bewick, the wood-engraver, French. He resided some time in Liverpool, but did not meet with encouragement here.'

'The late Richard Watt, of Speke, adds another instance of successful industry raising from obscurity a humble name. He came from Standish, near Wigan, a poor boy, about 1750, and was hired by Mr. Geoffry Walley, to look after his horse and chaise, the only carriage then kept in the town, except the coach of Lady Clayton; and happy those who could obtain a place in either to convey them to and from the assemblies, then held in a room of the ancient tower, in Water Street; other parts of which were occupied as a borough gaol. His master sent him to an evening school; and, finding him tractable and industrious, advanced him to the counting-house, and employed him as a supercargo to Jamaica, where he acquired a fortune of upward of half a million. On his return to England, many years afterwards, his first inquiries were after the survivors of his former master's family: he found two widows, indifferently provided for, and settled an annuity of £100 each for life. He purchased Speke Hall, which still belongs to his descendants.'

The list of living authors and eminent characters is very imperfect, and we suspect not very impartially given; but Mr. Smithers appears to be a sectarian, and, of course, takes his own view of subjects: in one instance, he seems to be wilfully incorrect: we allude to his notice of the theatre. He says theatrical amusements do not engage much attention at Liverpool; now it is notorious that the theatre is more prosperous in Liverpool than in any town in England. Mr. Smithers is prodigiously moral, and rejoices at the demolition of the tea-gardens, which formerly skirted the town:—'Tradition,' says he, 'tells of one house, at the northern extremity of the town, renowned as "Old Katty's," that had been more than a century kept by one family, and which displayed, for its sign, two laughing heads, underwritten, "We three—loggerheads be;" it had "its entrance and its exit," and is no longer destined "to set the table in a roar."

Now, had Mr. Smithers been looking at the two heads, the inscription would have very aptly included himself; for, of all the historians we ever met with, we never found one who possessed so few qualifications for the task. Incorrect in his style, imperfect in his details, prosaic and irrelevant in his remarks, his book is anything but what it professes to be. It is neither good as a history of the town, or as a local description of it. That a man of ordinary talents might make an excellent work on a town like Liverpool, no one will deny; but a good history of the town still remains to be written. Mr. Smithers's work is published at the price of fourteen shillings; but, were we asked if it is worth that sum, we should say, in our opinion, it is worth—less.

Don Esteban; or, Memoirs of a Spaniard.
Written by HIMSELF. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 862. London, 1825. Colburn.

DON ESTEBAN is avowedly the production of a Spanish exile, who, to alleviate the recollection of his misfortunes and disappointments, retraces on paper the events of his life, and, in describing the active scenes which he has witnessed, endeavours to present a faithful picture of the manners, habits, and customs of his countrymen. The author assures us that everything he relates is to be considered as simple matter of fact, with the sole exception of those names which he has assigned to the parties figuring in the merely biographical part of his story. This may be all very true, but it certainly strikes us as very singular, that an author who makes an apology for his style, on the ground that he has not been educated or resided long in England, should display so intimate an acquaintance with our literature, as to head each chapter with some apposite quotation, and that, too, not unfrequently from works with which even the English reader is not generally acquainted.

We are willing to suppose that any foreigner, acquainted with our language, may be familiar with Shakspeare, or even Byron and Pope; but the author of *Don Esteban*, who apologizes for the 'verbal errors' he may commit in writing, 'in a language which is not vernacular with him,' by his quotations, affects an intimate knowledge of the whole range of English literature. Only think of his heading his chapters with quotations from Alves's *Weeping Bard*, Dyer's *Poems*, the *Prologue to Mahomet*, 'Prologue *Colinians*', and the *History of Porsena*. These are assuredly not productions with which a foreigner is likely to become soon acquainted. But let this pass, and consider the author of *Don Esteban* all that he represents himself;—and he must be a fastidious reader who quarrels with the work, which really possesses intense interest, and is, we doubt not, generally a very faithful picture of Spanish society, and of the events which occurred in a country that has now incurred the worst of all curses—universal contempt. The work is a happy mixture of humour and pathos; the incidents, we doubt not, are related by a Spaniard, but the work is either written by an Englishman or a person long resident, if not educated, in this country: the feelings are, however, those of a Spaniard, and that odious compound of traitor, knave, fool, and coward, Ferdinand VII., is even spoken of somewhat favourably; but, when the despicable slaves of Spain endure the tyranny of an idiotic despot like Ferdinand (whose very name is a by-word for every thing odious and contemptible), we do not wonder that some person may be found to excuse his crimes and follies.

The author gives a good, but we suspect somewhat extravagant, picture of Spanish patriotism, when Napoleon occupied the country with his troops; there was, no doubt, much indignation and enthusiasm, but, very little true patriotism, in Spain. In the outset, every general was a demi-god if

successful, and a traitor if otherwise, and many innocent men were sacrificed:—

‘Cevallos, a general to whom the command of Segovia had been intrusted, and who was unable to prevent the French from possessing themselves of that city (not, however, from his pretended understanding with the enemy, but from the inferiority of his troops), fell in Valladolid by the hands of the mob, a few days before Cuesta gave battle in the heights of Cabezon.

‘As soon as the latter general found that Cevallos was likely to be sacrificed to popular fury, he had sent to Avila, where he then was, a party of cavalry, with orders to convey him safe to his presence, and have him tried; but principally with the intention of screening him from the ferocity of the people. Cevallos set off from that city, accompanied by his wife and children, and escorted by the few cavalry soldiers who had been sent in search of him. In his way to Valladolid he suffered a thousand insults, and more than once had his life attempted. On coming within half a mile of Valladolid, the unfortunate man, as if foreseeing the fate that awaited him within its gates, and wishing to spare his unhappy wife the horrible sight of his death, alighted from the carriage, and, mounting a saddle-horse, pushed forward, escorted by only two soldiers, the rest remaining round the carriage. The news of his approach had already spread throughout the city, and a crowd of the lowest rabble hurried along to the city gates. No sooner had he entered, than one of the market women cast a large stone at his head, which unfortunately struck him on the temple and brought him down. Immediately a mass of people, armed with all sorts of weapons, fell on his prostrate body, and in less than five minutes it was a mangled corpse. It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that one of these tigers in human shape, after stabbing him with his knife, drank of the blood that gushed out from the wound! His fainting wife entered the city shortly after, and the barbarous populace, exulting in their cruelty, received her with the severed limbs of her husband stuck on poles, sticks, swords, and daggers! To such a pitch of frenzy had the wild effervescence of popular feeling arrived.’

While Napoleon was at Valladolid, four French soldiers were assassinated, and the emperor, indignant, declared, if in twelve hours the criminals were not given up, all the inhabitants should be decimated and shot:—

‘The consternation into which this threat threw every family was so great, that many attempted to fly from the city; but the sentinels had received orders not to permit any one to pass the gates. Near thirty thousand troops occupied the town. Some houses had thirty or forty soldiers, whom they were obliged to furnish with everything they demanded. Every hour that passed without hearing any tidings of the men who had killed the four Frenchmen, was for us all as the confirmation of the sentence of our death.

‘The convent having been given up to be pillaged, some soldiers found concealed in one of the vaults, where the relics of some

great family were deposited, a monk, who confessed to have been himself the murderer of a Frenchman in that convent. This was the only one who had been discovered up to the tenth hour of the time granted by Napoleon; of the rest, no traces could be found.

‘It was under these appalling circumstances, that a member of the municipality presented one of those rare and noble traits, which is of itself sufficient to immortalize the name of the city that could produce it. Moved at the distress of the whole city, he rose and addressed his colleagues thus:—

‘“Gentlemen, take me before the emperor; it was I who with my own hands killed the three Frenchmen. It is but just I should suffer.”

‘This startled many; but, before they had time to clear up the matter, a man was brought in manacled by four Polish lancers. He had been taken in the act of scaling the city walls, and a large knife covered with blood had been found upon him. On his examination, he confessed having killed two of the remaining three. This communication was immediately sent to Napoleon, who still insisted on having the third criminal by the exact time he had mentioned, although but one hour only remained.

‘A curious accident, however, discovered the third criminal a few minutes before the expiration of the appointed time. There was in the town a respectable man, by trade a lace-maker, who had conceived such mortal hatred for the French, that he did not allow one day to pass without killing one or two of them. He was in the habit of leaving home every morning very early upon what he termed, “the French hunting.” As all the city gates were guarded by French sentinels, he scrabbled over the walls of the town, and went to furnish himself with a gun, which he was in the habit of concealing in the suburbs.

‘This man had a wife, the well-known Rosita, remarkable for her beauty. The French governor of the province, General Kellerman, had become enamoured of her person, and had succeeded, by dint of gold and presents, in surprising the fidelity due to her husband. This, however, had remained a secret between them and the servant girl. Her husband, never suspecting her infidelity, confided to her his patriotic deeds. On the morning of the day that Napoleon entered Valladolid, the lace-maker had killed one Frenchman, and his wife, still anxious for her husband’s safety, had advised him to leave the town, as it might be discovered. He followed her advice; but had the imprudence to return very early the following morning, when the municipality were still making the strictest searches. On his returning home, he was surprised not to find his wife anywhere. He inquired of the servant; but her account was so confused, that his suspicions were raised. Unable to draw anything from her, he became so violent, that the girl, frightened for her mistress, went to inform her of her husband’s return. Rosita, who at that moment was in the arms of her paramour, and who knew but too well that

her ruin was certain were her husband to discover her adulterous connection with his worst enemy, disclosed to the governor his late assassination. He was arrested, and, far from denying it, he boldly avowed his practice of hunting Frenchmen, and of killing at least one a day.

‘This timely discovery saved the inhabitants from the horrible fate which seemed to await them, and calmed their agitations and alarms. On Napoleon being informed of it, he said, with an air of self-satisfaction—“I know very well, that nothing is impossible when I command.” And then he ordered the men to be executed at eleven o’clock the same day. Rosita, however, impelled by one of those unaccountable movements to which women are sometimes subject, obtained admittance to the presence of Napoleon, and, throwing herself at his feet, bathed in tears, prayed for the life of her husband. Napoleon, unmoved at the sight, at first refused to listen to her; but, finally, promised to perform an act of mercy in favour of him of the three, who, being married, had the greatest number of children. It happened, that the lace-maker was the only married man of the three, and had five children.

‘The time for execution being nearly arrived, Rosita flew to the Plaza Mayor, which she reached at the very moment when the executioner was tying the rope around her husband’s neck. He was immediately reprieved; but he, without deigning to look at his wife, left the city, to which, however, he was brought back shortly after to lose his head upon the same scaffold, having been taken by some dragoons in an engagement fought near Valladolid, between them and some guerillas.’

Of Porlier—the ill-fated Porlier, who afterwards fell a victim to his attempt to overturn the tyranny of Ferdinand, our author gives the following description:—

‘Porlier was rather short in stature, but extremely well made; his countenance very expressive, and animated by fine, dark, penetrating eyes. His address was highly fascinating, and accompanied by great frankness and vivacity; and he possessed much generosity of character. His patriotism, too, was so ardent, that to it he sacrificed his whole fortune, his repose, and his life. As for his military talents and activity in the field, no better proof can be given, than the manner in which he eluded the pursuit of the two French generals, and the little which the superior numbers and tactics of the French soldiers availed them.’

In the course of the narrative of battles and tales of love, Don Esteban, who is the hero of the work, gives us a good picture of the domestic manners of the Spaniards. He says—

‘Between seven and eight in the morning, the servants enter our room, to draw aside the window-curtains, and serve up chocolate to those who prefer taking it in bed; which is generally the case with the elderly people and the heads of families. In the same tray in which the chocolate is served to the gentlemen, there is generally a little silver plate, containing a live coal to light

their cigars, which invariably follow the chocolate. This occupies the time till about eight, when they usually rise. Those who are religiously inclined proceed immediately to church, to hear mass, or to confess and take communion. On returning home, they take breakfast, which consists generally of some made dish, or eggs and ham, and sometimes of a basin of *sopas de ajo**

The young ladies sometimes accompany their mamas to church of a morning; but not usually, for it is only on Sunday that the omission would be an unpardonable sin. When they do not go to church in the company of their parents or brothers, they are followed by a servant, and are never seen out of doors by themselves. Those demoiselles who are not fond of long masses on a Sunday, go either very early, in a kind of deshabille, their long hair floating on their shoulders, with a *basquina*†, a shawl, and a mantilla, in which they wrap their faces so completely that it is almost impossible to recognise them; or they go to the mass which in some of the churches is said at once, and which the priest gets through with such singular rapidity, that one cannot help remembering he has not yet breakfasted‡.

At this mass the ladies never fail to assist in their finest basquinas and lace veils. No shawl conceals the *negligé* of the stays; at most, a silk kerchief, gracefully pinned, hides from mortal view the charms beneath. But the waist is seen in all its diminutive dimensions; leaving between it and the falling arms two neat apertures, notwithstanding the care that is taken to keep the elbows close to the body, and in a straight line with their hips; a fashion, by the by, which I do not admire, though I grant it contributes to keep the chest elevated; but it encroaches too much on our military style, and introduces a stiffness which is altogether inconsistent with feminine grace.

For strangers it must be a singular sight to see females of the above appearance, in the middle of a church, sitting squat on the un-matted floor, frequently of stone, and now turning themselves one way, now another, till they can find as convenient a posture as their cramped legs will admit. Not unfrequently, however, these perpetual motions have some other object than that; for few of them are so blinded by their devotion as not to see their admirers standing in the corners of the church, wrapt up in their cloaks, sending ardent looks to their Dulcineas, and smothering the sighs that, in spite of the sacredness of the place, rise rebelliously in their bosoms! When the mass is over, these inamoratos repair to the *pila* or stone basin, in which the holy water is kept, to dip the two fore-fingers of their right hand, and hold them out to their charmers, who touch them with theirs, accompanying the action with a courtesy and

* A soup made of a head of garlic, fried in some oil with a little pimento, the whole put into a pot of boiling water, and to which some salt is added.

† A black silk petticoat.

‡ It is the practice with the Catholics to take communion before they break their fast.

a look that goes near to blind their adorers for the rest of the day.

About noon, the ladies are at home, employed in their needle-work, or some other occupation; for I must do the Spanish ladies the justice to say, that though the gentlemen seldom set them the example, they are never idle; for, even when visiting their friends, they carry their work in their reticles. This being the time when they receive the morning calls of their acquaintances, the gentlemen drop in to entertain the ladies with their conversation; often bringing those friends who have just arrived in town, and to whom the lady and gentleman of the house never fail to make an offer of it, and of everything it contains. The facility with which a stranger gains admission into any house renders society the more varied, and manners the more open and lively. After such an offer as I have just alluded to, the party is accepted to go as often as he pleases.

The sound of the brass mortar, in which the various herbs for the sauces, &c. are pounded, indicates that the dinner hour is fast approaching. The visitors then take their hats, and wish the ladies a good appetite. This happens, generally, at one, and in a few houses between two and three. Immediately after dinner, they all retire to their respective rooms, to take the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep—a custom I had not yet contracted, except in the most sultry days of summer, when the intensity of the heat produces a languor and a drowsiness which are irresistible.

In the afternoon, about sunset in the summer and at three in the winter, the ladies and gentlemen all repair either to the Alamedas, or shaded walks, generally by the side of the rivers; or to the Tapias, or walks along the city walls, that are sheltered from the cold winds, and enlivened by the sunshine; the choice of these depends on the particular season of the year. After the promenade, all retire to a *botilleria** to drink ices, or go home to take their chocolate; and in the evening they go either to the theatre or else to the tertulia.

The war in Spain was of a very sanguinary character. Our author thus describes the scene the country presented:—

I am now arrived at that period of my history, when our brave and generous allies had carried their victorious arms from Lisbon to the Pyrenees. The battle of Vittoria had already covered them with glory. The fall of Pamplona, and that of San Sebastian, had crowned their triumphs: *les enfans de la victoire* were dragging their dead eagles, mangled by the lions of England and Spain, over the Pyrenees, and scarcely anything remained of them in our desolate fields, save the bones of their comrades, and the trophies of their former pride.

In passing near those spots where a battle had been fought, we saw hundreds of enormous vultures stalking among the dead, and looking at a distance like a great assemblage of monks, in their black robes. They were often so intent on their prey, that we killed several

* House where iced drinks are sold.

before the rest would fly away. The noise made then, by the flapping of their wings, was tremendous, and even awful. The reflections that suggested themselves to the mind, in walking over those silent fields of death, were the more gloomy as no remembrance of dangers, fatigues, or anxieties weakened the effect produced by the horrible scene around. In the heat of battle I have stepped over the dead and the wounded, heard the lamentations and groans of the dying, seen their blood flow in streams, and yet felt no horror, nor any very strong sensation. But not so now: every step chilled my blood,—those mutilated corpses, those broken skeletons of human beings, who might have been occupied in adding to the comforts and happiness of mankind, filled my soul with horror at the detested ambition of those men who had it in their power to render millions of their fellow creatures happy, instead of spreading nothing but death and misery around.

The narrative of the war terminates with the second volume, the third being devoted to the personal history of the author, and an account of Spanish manners and customs. Don Esteban calls the king a fanatic, and the inquisition a tribunal of blood and horror, which brings him under the scourge of that body. He is examined, and doomed to the rack:—

At the cries of "rack," some of the familiars entered, and, seizing me, almost dragged me down a narrow staircase to a subterraneous chamber, where the feeble glimmerings of a lamp scattered light enough to add to the horrors of such a place. Various instruments of torture decorated its damp walls; while in the middle of the room stood a burning brazier, a pendulum, a pully, and a rake. Immediately the holy myrmidons began to strip me of my clothes with as much eagerness as any tiger would tear to pieces the unhappy victim on which he had just sprung. This done, I was stretched on a frame, large enough to admit my body, and which, besides the two bars that formed the extremities, had another in the centre convexly raised. My head and feet passed under the bars of the extremities, whilst my back bone rested on the middle bar, so that, my stomach being much higher than my head and feet, respiration was extremely difficult, and the position itself extremely painful. In this posture, the chief inquisitor, who, with the rest, had followed me to this chamber, and taken his seat on a little stage raised about three feet from the ground, asked me, if I would be converted to our holy religion, and acknowledge the justice of the proceedings of our beloved monarch. I replied, that all the torments of the inquisition would never force from me the acknowledgment of a falsehood so palpable. "Then," said he, "let the torment begin; but we protest that, in case of injury, rupture of vessels, or even death, the fault can be imputed only to yourself."

Immediately I felt some drops of water from the top of the chamber upon my chest. During the first ten or twelve minutes the pain was not great, but, as the operation

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was prolonged, it became excruciating. By the sensation, it seemed as if a boring instrument was applied to my chest. From time to time, they asked if I would be converted to religion.

"Go on, monsters," cried I, "the religion of the inquisition I abhor: all your tortures shall never convert me to it."

Our author gives some singular traits of character in Ferdinand VII. He gave audience to petitioners, and,—

Many of those amorous intrigues, which he carried on in a most scandalous and notorious manner, sprang from these audiences. Whenever he saw a lady at them who pleased him, he nodded to the captain of the guards, who, in his turn, made a sign to the garzon, who never failed to go and meet the fair petitioner as she left the hall, and inform her he had orders from the captain of the guards to desire her to call at his apartments, on the following day, at such an hour, to receive his majesty's answer. Hither the king came, and granted or refused her request, according as he found her disposed to grant or oppose his wishes. Some of the most abandoned women have, through similar means, and under various pretences, obtained large sums of money.

A titled lady, of Castille, whose house I visited almost daily, was once singled out in the above manner. Calling upon her one morning about eleven, I was surprised to see almost every pane of glass in her apartment, the looking-glasses, vases, and chimney-ornaments, broken into a thousand pieces, and a beautiful breakfast china service scattered about the ground. The lady herself was reclining on a sofa, her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping most bitterly. I begged her to explain the reason of that extraordinary sight: she wept and hesitated a long time, and at last told me, that having had occasion to demand a favour of the king, she had gone with her daughter to his audience and received an intimation by the garzon, to repair on the following day to the Duke de Alagon's apartments, where she had met the king, who told her, in no very delicate terms, that he had become enamoured of her daughter, and must see her next day, for which purpose he would go to her own house to breakfast. As it was impossible for her to refuse him admission into her house, she made the necessary preparations to receive him, but desired her daughter not to appear. In fact, he came that morning, accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, and, finding that her daughter was not called, notwithstanding his repeated commands, became so outrageous, that he, assisted by the duke, broke everything in her apartment, as I saw it there, and, after loading her with abusive language, retired, fulminating threats against her.

The author pledges himself to the truth of this disgraceful anecdote. Among the favourites of Ferdinand was Pedro Collado, better known by the name of Chamorro:—

"He had been a waterman, and accompanied the king to France, where he had served him in an inferior situation. On his return to Spain, he made him his guardaropa, and

likewise his limosnero" (a situation which had always been filled by the patriarch of the Indies). As a specimen of this fellow's wit and Ferdinand's mental refinement, I shall only mention one of his bon-mots, which afforded infinite delight to our royal master.—"Does your majesty ask for your gentil hombre?" said he, buttoning up his coat, "here he comes."—"Does your majesty want his Ayuda de Camara?" unbuttoning his coat, and standing still, "behold him here."—"Does your majesty want his faithful servant Chamorro?" taking off his coat and flinging it away, "here he is."—Yet this fellow, stupid as Heaven made him, gained such influence over Ferdinand's mind, that he often obtained for his friends some of the first and most lucrative offices in the kingdom.'

Ferdinand is very unfaithful to his wife, who wreaks her vengeance on him by scratching his face. At Sacedon, a curious adventure happened:—

The king was in the habit of bathing very early in the morning; but frequently spent his time in the society of a very beautiful girl, daughter of the apothecary of Sacedon. The queen, I know not how, became acquainted with the circumstances, and one morning, soon after he had left her, hurried away by a fit of jealousy, she set off for Sacedon on foot, accompanied only by her camarera mayor. I happened to be riding on the same road, when I observed, at a little distance, two ladies seating themselves on the ground by the side of the road; and soon after a calesero passed by, to whom one of them called out, "Calesero, allow us to ride in your calesin;" to which he answered pretty sharply; "My calesin is not made for such strumpets as you; besides it is already engaged for some ladies who live close by, and whom I am to take to the baths."

"Your majesty had better order him," said the other lady, just as I came up to them, and found, to my great surprise, that it was the queen and her camarera mayor. "Madam!" exclaimed I, "your majesty here, on foot, and with only one attendant! Will you allow me to accompany your majesty?"

"Yes," replied she, while the startled calesero stood crossing himself, and mumbling a thousand pardons. Having handed her into the calesin, I rode beside her, conversing little, as she appeared melancholy. When we reached Sacedon, the guardias who had accompanied his majesty, on perceiving the queen, ran to arms, and some wished to go and inform the king of her arrival. "I desire," said she, with a determined yet agitated voice, "that none shall stir, and he who does it shall be treated as having disobeyed my orders."

She then proceeded alone to the bath, and there found the king with his mistress. Subject as she was to fits, she suddenly fell apparently lifeless, and we conveyed her back immediately to their residence. When she came to herself, she upbraided Ferdinand in the bitterest manner. Soon afterwards, we all set off for Madrid; where, however, the news of this occurrence arrived sooner than

we did. When we drew near the capital, the magnificent phaeton, drawn by six beautiful horses, that was always sent from the palace for them to enter the city in, met them as usual, and they both got in. The troops of the capital were posted from the palace beyond the city gates, and an immense crowd had collected to observe the wrangling pair, who sat opposite each other, their eyes turned different ways, whilst the people whispered maliciously in each other's ears the reason of their disagreement.'

This is a curious and undignified, but an amusing picture of royalty in Spain; and there are many similar scenes described in this clever work.

COUNT SEGUR'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from p. 248.)

In resuming our notice of this interesting volume, we beg to remind our readers that in our last we alluded to Count de Lauraguais as having first introduced horse-racing into France. Of this nobleman, afterwards Due de Brancas, who was at the same time a philosopher and a votary of fashion, Count Segur gives the following singular anecdotes:—

Long distinguished as the most splendid, magnificent, and gallant amongst our great nobles, he was seen, for a still longer period, in a mean dress, uncombed, and affecting all the simplicity of a peasant on the banks of the Danube.

I recollect him one day calling upon me in this cynical garb, but with a countenance radiant with pleasure. "What can possibly have given you this unusual satisfaction?" I inquired. "My friend, I am the happiest man in the world," was the answer, "I am completely ruined." "Upon my honour," said I, "you have been singularly happy—such happiness may tempt a man to hang himself." "You deceive yourself," he replied; "as long as I was only embarrassed, I found myself overwhelmed with business, persecuted, distracted between hope and fear; but, now that I am ruined, I feel myself independent, easy, and freed from every source of inquietude and care."

At a period when the results of a refined civilization appeared in the rules of what was then termed *bon ton* and good company, and which exacted complete submission to one uniform standard in taste, opinion, language, and style of life, M. de Lauraguais, shaking off the yoke, ventured to follow his own inclinations, and boldly professed the hardest systems of every kind.

Our theatres owe to him an important revolution: he it was who first made us sensible how absurd and how destructive of all scenic illusion it was, to permit the select party of the court and city to be seated on the stage, on both sides of the theatre, in front of the scenes. By his advice, also, the actors abandoned the custom of representing ancient characters in modern costume. Thanks to him, we no longer behold Nero, Brutus, and Theseus in coats with long skirts, with scarfs and shoulder-knots; and Phædra and Merope, with their hair curled and powdered, and in hoop petticoats.

‘Smitten with the charms of Mademoiselle Arnoult, a young actress, and wearied with the assiduous attentions of a certain courtier, the Prince D******, by no means of a lively turn, the Count de Lauraguais applied very gravely to a physician, begging to be informed if it were possible for a person to die of ennui? “Such a result,” replied the doctor, “would be considered extremely singular and very rare.”—“But I ask,” continued the count, “if it be possible?”—The physician then said, “that certainly a long-continued state of ennui might induce disease such as a consumption, and thus cause the patient’s death;”—upon which, this consultation, at the count’s request, was regularly signed, and the fee paid. He next proceeded to an advocate, and requested to be informed, whether he could prefer a legal complaint against another who had formed a design, by whatsoever means, to deprive him of his life. The advocate assured him there could not be the least doubt of it, and immediately consented to sign a declaration to that effect. Furnished with these two documents, the Count de Lauraguais caused a criminal process to be instituted against Prince D******, who, he declared, had formed the design of killing him, as well as Mademoiselle Arnoult, with ennui. Though this whimsical affair had no result, it made no little noise, as will be easily imagined.’

Count Segur mingles his personal memoirs too much with political history, which has no particular reference to himself; nor does he, by these means, throw any new light on the history of that period: we therefore pass over all the events of the American war until our author mingles in it. Arrived at Philadelphia, Count Segur is astonished at the Quakers, and relates an anecdote of their Jesuitism. He says:—

‘The detractors of this philanthropic sect, being unable to attack their charity or the simplicity of their manners, were reduced to point their shafts at their enthusiasm and their pretended inspirations. They likewise maintained that their interest occasionally led them to sacrifice something of the severity of their doctrine. “The principles of the Quakers,” they observed, “absolutely prohibit them from taking any share, direct or indirect, in war, which they assert is a great crime. Consequently, they refuse to pay any of the taxes levied by Congress, for the support of the American army; but, as they wish, at the same time, to avoid the penalties to which they might expose themselves by such an act of disobedience, every Quaker takes care to put into a purse the exact sum that is required of him, and to place it openly upon a desk or in an open drawer, in his house, in such a way that, when the agents of authority call upon him, he does not, indeed, give them the sum imposed by the war-tax, but he permits them to take it.”’

The count might have related another anecdote of the same sort—namely, that though they are enemies to war, they supplied the army with powder, which they denominated *grain*. In travelling in America, the count says—

‘At first, I was rather surprised, on enter-

ing an inn, to find that it belonged to a captain, a major, or a colonel, who conversed equally well upon his campaigns against the English, upon the clearing of his lands, and the sale of his fruits and his provisions.

‘I was still more astonished when, upon replying to some questions put to me respecting my family, and informing them that my father was a general and a minister, my interrogators inquired what was his profession or trade?

‘I everywhere met with convenient apartments, well-supplied tables, abundant good cheer, but at the same time simple and wholesome. The beverage, to be sure, was a little too strong with rum and cinnamon, and the coffee too weak, but the tea excellent. There were only two things which shocked me more than I can express: one, a vile custom, the moment a toast was given, of circulating an immense bowl of punch round the table, out of which each guest was successively compelled to drink; and the other was that, after being in bed, it was not unusual to see a fresh traveller walk into your room, and, without ceremony, stretch himself by your side, and appropriate a part of your couch. I was somewhat rebellious upon this latter point, and, without much difficulty, obtained an exemption from the general rule.

Count Segur was introduced to General Washington, and dined at his table:—

‘When I dined at the table of this illustrious general, of all the warlike guests it assembled, General Gates was most particularly to me an object of lively curiosity. It is known that he the first had the glory of defeating an English army, and of obliging it to pass under the yoke. That army, as well as its commander, General Burgoyne, defiled before Gates, and laid down its arms at his feet.

‘Gates, by his virtues and his courage, had deserved that favour of Fortune, but he was unable to fix her; in a short time afterwards he was beaten at Campden, not through his own fault, but owing to the desertion of some American militia, who ran away. Having been accused before the Congress, the decision of his fate was submitted to Washington, his rival in glory, and between whom and himself some feelings of jealousy subsisted.

‘Washington, who had, at first, manifested some sympathy in favour of Gates, showed himself severe as a judge, at the moment when indulgence would have contributed to heighten his glory; but entire perfection does not fall to the lot of humanity. Gates was dismissed from the service, and the command of his army was given to the brave and celebrated General Green.

‘Men of an elevated turn of mind dignify their misfortunes by the courage with which they bear them: that displayed by Gates was heroic and worthy of him; he declared that, although he was deprived of the honour of commanding, his firm resolution was to continue to shed his blood, in the capacity of a soldier, for the defence of his country, as long as the war for its independence should last, and he repaid, with a noble confidence, to the tent of Washington. Their

first interview, which was public, was expected with anxious curiosity. The decorum dictated by a generous courtesy marked the conduct of both parties on this occasion; and both, though placed in situations widely different, preserved a modest dignity of deportment. From that moment their quarrels ceased, and Washington restored to Gates the confidence and the honours he so justly deserved.’

We do not find that Count Segur was actually engaged in the American war, which, indeed, was nearly concluded when he landed; on leaving, he proceeded to South America, and, on his return, visited his estates in South America, accompanied by Berthier, afterwards Prince of Neufchâtel. At the Caracas, towards the end of the carnival, Count Segur witnessed a singular custom:—

‘Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, old and young, did not leave their houses, during the carnival, without filling their pockets with sugar-plums, containing aniseed in them, which they threw, by handfuls, at each other. Nobody could escape this volley, which only occasioned bursts of laughter amongst those who were engaged in the conflict.

‘This was assuredly the sweetest and most innocent of wars; however, as no state of warfare can exist without some striking event,

I will relate one to which this gave rise, and which I witnessed. We were one day invited to a grand dinner at the treasurer-general’s, which was graced by the presence of several reverend fathers inquisitors, who did honour to the wines, and very cordially joined in the mirth prevailing amongst all the guests. During the dessert the lady of the house gave the signal for action, and the sugar-plums flew in all directions, and bursts of laughter resounded on all sides; suddenly, one of the inquisitors, carrying his clumsy mirth rather too far, and finding the sugar-plums too light, mixed a large almond with one of the handfuls he was throwing.

‘This cannon ball went straight up the nose of the Duke de Laval, which it slightly hit; and the duke, who was no great admirer of monks or jokes, returned the compliment with a twenty-four pounder, that is, with a large orange, which most disrespectfully flew plump into the face of the reverend father. The Spaniards, struck with dismay and consternation, instantly rose from the table, the ladies crossed themselves, all playing was interrupted, and the dinner at an end; but the reverend father, affecting a gaiety which the expression of his face belied, quieted all apprehensions, by recommencing the game which had been so seriously interrupted. I verily believe that, if we had not had in a neighbouring port, on this coast, five thousand friends well armed, the father inquisitor would not have shown himself so indulgent, and would have offered Laval to occupy, for a time, one of those dark, gloomy, and cool apartments, of which he had a great number at his disposal.’

We never meet with the name of Nelson but it is associated with some trait of heroism or generosity. Off Porto Cabello, Nelson

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commanded a frigate, and captured a canoe, in which were Count de Deux-Ponts and another officer, of the name of Linch, who was born in England, and felt somewhat uneasy, knowing that he might be tried for bearing arms against the land of his birth:—

‘Nelson received these two officers with so much politeness, treated them so well, and gave them such excellent cheer, that, notwithstanding their regret at being captured, they presently began to resign themselves with good grace to their fate.

‘It happened that, remaining long at table, and finding the wine good, they drank a little more of it than was desirable; hoping, doubtlessly, to dispel the gloom on their spirits. The remedy produced its effect; their conversation became animated, and their gaiety confiding.

‘Various subjects were discussed, and among them England and London being mentioned, Nelson committed, I know not by what accident, one or two mistakes, relative to the names of some streets and the locality of certain buildings. Linch undertook to correct him, and a debate ensued. Suddenly Nelson said to Linch, with an archly significant look, “What amazes me, sir, is, that you speak English, and seem to know London, quite as well as I do.”

“That is not at all surprising,” cried Count de Deux-Ponts, a little excited by the dinner; “for my friend was born in London.” Linch shuddered from head to foot; but Nelson, appearing not to have heard the indiscreet remark, changed the conversation, and continued to treat his guests as graciously as before.

‘On the following day, taking his two prisoners aside, he said to them in the most obliging manner: “I cannot but feel how mortifying it must be for a colonel of a regiment and an officer of the staff of the French army to be deprived of their liberty, perhaps on the very eve of an expedition, through an unforeseen occurrence. On the other hand, much as I should feel honoured by having captured you in the course of an engagement, it is but little flattering to my vanity to have taken possession of a canoe with two officers not actually on duty. My intention, therefore, is this: I have received orders to reconnoitre, as closely as possible, your squadron anchored in the roads of Porto-Cabello, and I am about to execute those orders. If I am chased, and the vessel pursuing me should be *La Couronne*, I shall be obliged to carry you away with me without loss of time, because that vessel is so good a sailer that I should be unable to escape from her: any other would give me but little uneasiness, and, in the latter case, I promise to put at your disposal a little Spanish bilander, which I have recently taken, with two men who will conduct you into port, and restore you to your colours.”

‘We shortly afterwards entered the roads; and, such a visit being quite unexpected, and a part of the crews as well as officers of our fleet on shore, Nelson had time to examine and count our vessels at his leisure, and more than two hours elapsed before the frigate

Céres, which M. de Vaudreuil sent in pursuit of him, could get under weigh.

‘Nelson kept his word: Count de Deux-Ponts and Linch got quietly on board the Spanish skiff, and joined us, to our great surprise, and their great joy.’

One part of this story we doubt—Nelson being afraid of *La Couronne*, for we believe he would have attacked a seventy-four with a gun-boat, rather than shrink from the contest. Of Linch we have an interesting anecdote:—

‘Linch, after being engaged in the campaigns of India, served, before he was employed in the army of Rochambeau, under the orders of Count d’Estaing, and distinguished himself particularly at the too-memorable siege of Savannah. M. d’Estaing, at the most critical moment of that sanguinary affair, being at the head of the right column, directed Linch to carry an urgent order to the third column, which was on the left. These columns were then within grape shot of the enemy’s entrenchments; and on both sides a tremendous firing was kept up. Linch, instead of passing through the centre or in the rear of the columns, proceeded coolly through the shower of balls and grape-shot which the French and English were discharging at each other. It was in vain that M. d’Estaing and those who surrounded him cried to Linch to take another direction: he went on, executed his order, and returned by the same way; that is to say, under a vault of flying shot, and where every one expected to witness his instant destruction.

“Zounds!” said the general, on seeing him return unhurt, “the devil must be in you, surely; why did you choose such a road as that, in which you might have expected to perish a thousand times over?” “Because it was the shortest,” answered Linch. Having uttered these few words, he went with equal coolness and joined the group that was most ardently engaged in storming the place.’

It will be seen that Count Segur’s Memoirs only come down to a short time after the conclusion of the American war; but we presume this volume will be succeeded by others, and we hope equally or more interesting.

The Journal of an Exile. In two vols. post 8vo. pp. 658. London, 1825. Saunders and Ottley.

INTRODUCTIONS and prefaces to books are seldom the most veritable part of them; this we suspect to be particularly the case with the *Journal of an Exile*, which contains much correct local description, and several, as we believe, real anecdotes, intermingled, however, with a fictitious narrative. In the introduction we are told the manuscript of these volumes was written by a young Englishman, who one evening died in a hermitage near Marseilles, with a prayer-book in his hand, a roll of papers by his side, and in the prayer-book was ‘the portrait of a young lady with the mildest and loveliest of faces.’

The *Journal of an Exile* contains a descriptive account of the places visited by the author, in the south of France, Switzerland,

and Germany, with some incidents and events, real or imaginary. The author appears to us to much less advantage in narrative than description: there is a mawkishness in the former, which we do not like, though it is agreeable gossip enough. It is, however, extremely ridiculous to give us details of the fever at Barcelona, not as an event in history, but as an article of news; or telling us that at five o’clock on a certain day, in some month of the year 1821, the rain ceased. Moore’s Almanack is good in telling in prospective when we are to have rain, but no person wants to know when it fell. The work is interspersed with some songs and other poems; one of these we shall quote as the first of our extracts:—

“St. Victor’s shrine with gold is crown’d,
Its tapers burning bright;
St. Victor’s monks are kneeling round,
And pray for Bertha’s knight.
Her bare white feet stand on the stones
Where kings and nobles rot;
Her lips have kiss’d St. Victor’s bones,—
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

“St. Victor’s rock looks brown and bare
Amid the burning sky;
And Bertha now is kneeling there,
So distant and so high.
No gentle breeze or fountain sweet
Plays round the holy grot,
And bleeding are those tender feet,—
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

“Through yonder painted lattice beams
A light that may not sleep;
In yonder turret Bertha dreams,
And starts to watch and weep.
A hasty step is hurrying near,
It mounts the winding stair;
And kisses charm the falling tear,—
For Bertrand now is there.”

Our extracts shall neither be long nor numerous; the next is a description of the plague in Marseilles:—

‘The disease was unabated and unrelenting in its course, and dire and dark had been its ravages. The magistrates assembled at the Hotel de Ville towards the beginning of the month, and examined into the condition of the city, and the number of deaths which had taken place. The result of the examination was appalling! For the circumstance of their own number being reduced to one-third of what it had been a month before, was sufficient to impress their minds with an idea of the general extent of the ruin. Upwards of five hundred persons immediately connected with the Hotel de Ville had perished. The city guard, which had been engaged in superintending the distribution of wine to the people, and in preserving order, were almost all swept away; and the officers of the police were every one dead. The magistrates who remained alive sat looking at one another in silence for some time; till the Chevalier Rose, addressing them in an encouraging and noble speech, inspired them with fresh hope and confidence. “Fellow citizens,” said he, “let us not shrink from our imperative duties. If we are at last to perish by the disease which now rages unresisted in the city, let us, at least, while we are lying in pain and solitude, have the con-

soling reflection that we have done what we ought. Let us imitate the bright example of our virtuous bishop, whom I can see now, through the windows of this chamber, moving among the sick and dying; attended by his priests and friars, and administering bodily and spiritual nourishment to those who are neglected by all but God and his ministers! Let us remember that the eyes of our country are upon us; that our conduct in these perilous times will be handed down to the admiration or contempt of posterity." And, as he concluded, the other magistrates rose simultaneously, and, going to him, clasped his hands, and promised to stand by him firmly to the last. My father had not attended the meeting; he had been engaged in the Place St. Ferreol, in superintending the carrying away a vast pile of bodies that were heaped up in the centre. I left the Hôtel de Ville; I joined him in the Place; and there stood the few remaining galley slaves, clothed in large loose dresses, with wide hanging sleeves, dragging the bodies with long iron hooks, and tossing them into carts I recognised among these appalling heaps, which were training amid the dust, and distorted with the last pangs of distraction and delirious pain, some that I had been accustomed to pass many happy hours with upon that very place. The galley-slaves began, however, to be refractory, and refused any longer to work; and my father and myself were in great perplexity and difficulty, when the Chevalier Rose arrived. "How now!" he called out to the desperate and rebellious slaves, who had cast themselves upon the earth, and hid their faces in the long sleeves of their garments;—"how now, ye wild and wicked wretches!—is it thus that ye expect to obtain pardon for your crimes? Is it thus that ye expiate the dark and deadly deeds whose mark ye bear? Do ye not hear the groans and shrieks of the dying around you, and who are wandering in misery through the city? Such will be your eternal fate, unhappy men! such is the hell that awaits your guilty souls, if ye will not do our bidding! And of what do ye complain? Are ye exposed to greater danger than your magistrates? Do ye see us shrink from duty?"—and, seizing from the hands of one of them an iron hook, he continued, "Rise! rise! the Chevalier Rose never asked man to encounter peril which he himself would shun! Rise, and follow me!" And having thus spoken, he began himself to drag the corrupted carcasses, and fling them into the cart. The galley-slaves, used to his well-known voice and influence, rose; and giving him a loud cheer, continued their labour. The heavily laden tumbril then passed slowly down the street, and along the quay, rolling on towards the Place de la Tourette; where, doubtless, my son, you who love the glorious sights of nature, have stood. Beneath that place had been discovered some dark subterranean caverns which communicated with the sea, whose waters echoed among them. The promiscuous and livid bodies were hurled down into the gloomy depths: and the dashing of the breakers, and the screams of the sea birds, were their only requiem. You

have, perhaps, seen the painting which represents this awful scene; it is, I believe, in one of the chambers of the chateau Borelli. I replied, that I had seen it; as also another, at the Consigne, displaying the terrible effects of the plague, and the heart-rending scenes of sorrow and separation which it had caused.—The old man clasped his hands together, and, casting his eyes up to Heaven, said,—"Of separation and sorrow, indeed! God knows it has been so to me! A father, mother, and a young new-made bride,—all, all, swept off! while I was spared to linger out a long and lonely life. When I saw so many dying around me; when I felt their hot breath upon me, and listened to their cries, I thanked God for my life, and hurried back daily, after attending my father, to my affectionate Aimée. But when I had none left to return to, when none sat watching for me at the window which looked towards the Hôtel de Ville, then I could and did pray for death. But I have somewhere read, as I read much now, that there are persons so constituted, that the danger in which they may be placed only serves to keep their blood in that wholesome agitation and warmth which prevents them from sinking into the dangerous lassitude of fear; and that *le peril monte à la tête comme le vin*, I think the expression was. For though I was daily and nightly engaged in assisting my father in the performance of his duties, yet the hand of disease passed harmless over me. Not so did it spare my father! For, towards the end of September, one morning, as he was passing through a narrow street of the old town, his foot slipped, and he rolled among a heap of the festering carcasses. The shock, the disgust of this circumstance, affected him so much, and had so tainted his blood, that upon his return home, which he immediately did, he complained of sickness, and, before the next morning, was in the last agonies of the disease. We all, you may conceive, were stricken to the heart. The whole night we had watched by his restless pillow; and Aimée had supported his burning forehead in her arms. She would not quit him; and I stood looking on, in dreadful anticipation of what might yet follow. The poor little babe lay sleeping softly in its cradle, unheeding the fearful scene which was passing around it. My mother knelt before the crucifix which was at the head of the bed, and occasionally sprinkled my father's head with perfumed water. He, alas! knew us not: his senses wandered, he fancied himself still endeavouring to extricate himself from among the fatal heap of bodies, and he struggled and strove to free himself from our arms;—but all was soon over! and Marseilles lost another of her best and most useful citizens. We could not bear the idea of burying him instantly, as our safety seemed to require; but a few hours after his death, my mother, who had sat silent and inattentive to everything by the side of the bed, looking upon the fast-changing features, complained of violent pains in her head. Aimée and myself both shuddered at her words, and we had reason; for ere the sun had cast his last beams upon our windows, my father and mother lay by each other, in rest from all

their pain! Aimée and I knelt before the crucifix, and offered up our prayers for their departed spirits. But the bitter thought that they must be buried directly, that our lives, my precious Aimée's life, might be endangered if their bodies were allowed to remain, soon presented itself to me. But could I see them thrown into the yawning pits of the Tourette? (since, in those times, there were no distinctions of rich and poor funerals,)—impossible! and I determined upon bearing them myself to the garden, which was behind the house that belonged to my wife's father, who was then in America. I sprinkled them with vinegar; and, wrapping myself in a wide cloak, I conveyed them separately away, and laid them with my own hands in one grave, beneath the almond-trees.

'Thus had I, at last, begun to feel in my own family the desolation and blank which the destructive ravages of the disease had caused; and all I had now left in the world to live for was my Aimée. But she was spared to me; and I made a vow to the Holy Virgin, that I would dedicate my first daughter to her service, if both our days were lengthened, and our lives spared to see our children flourishing around us. The first period which passed after our loss was dreary and disconsolate: I had been my poor father's companion in his difficult and dangerous duties; and now I went forth alone, and bitterly did I lament the painful privation. But I soon gave up my former exertions; a secret and undefinable dread began to hang over me, and I was unwilling to quit Aimée for any length of time. She, innocent and tender as she was, began to recover her spirits; and, as the autumn advanced, when the heat decreases, and the chill *Mistral* sweeps up from the north, with its dark train of clouds, we both hoped that some diminution of the disease would take place. For increase, it scarcely could. The harbour before our winnows presented a frightful appearance;—its waters were covered with the floating carcasses of men and animals, and the ships lay silent and gloomy upon the corrupting waters.

'All along the quay were scattered the precious, and now useless cargoes, which had been intended for a healthy and happy city; but some of which had, perhaps, caused the ruin that lay around them, and mocked the rich productions of America and Italy. And when I ventured into the streets to examine into the state in which the city was, what a sight presented itself! It had seemed, weeks before, as if nothing could have added to the dismay and darkness of the scene; but, though the contagion was then at its height, it had not accomplished all its wild work. The long wide street of *La Canebière* was filled with beds, and furniture of all descriptions, thrown from the windows of the houses, which looked white and desolate, like a long range of tombs. At some of the windows were a few pale and emaciated wretches, who were leaning upon their withered arms, and looking down towards the sea, as if the sight of it could have refreshed and cooled the poison of their blood. Higher up in the *Cours*, and close to the gates of Aix and

Prome, which had black swallows among them, spread in monasteries, contained breasts, bly had exercise ate min vintines, Trinitari to the a greatest rishes, w death a come in the mon peared instantly friends, of hung the hosp could co wasted h way, w die.'

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Prome, lay a vast heap of goats and horses, which had died of hunger and disease, while black swarms of mosquitoes were hummimg and hovering about them. Here and there, among the piles of human bodies, which were spread in every direction, lay the friars and monks of the different orders which the city contained; their hands crossed upon their breasts, and clasping their beads. For terribly had the good brothers suffered in the exercise of their Christian and compassionate ministry. Capuchins, Jesuits, Observantines, Recollets, barefooted Carmelites, Trinitarians, Dominicans, and many others, to the amount of three hundred, besides the greatest part of the *curés* of the different parishes, were scattered all through the city, in death and decay. The hospitals had become incapable of containing the sick; for, the moment any symptoms of contagion appeared upon any one, he was frequently, and instantly, deserted by all his kindred and friends, and left to die in his lonely chamber of hunger and pain, or obliged to crawl to the hospital. But those establishments soon could contain no more, and thus thousands were compelled to drag their weak and wasted limbs to some shady corner or doorway, where they might lie unmolested and die.'

From France our author proceeds to Switzerland and Germany; in a passing notice of Basle we are told—

'There is a curious legend attached to a clock upon the bridge at Basle, which is always half an hour too fast. Some plot had been laid against the city, and a body of armed men were to have been admitted at a certain hour of the night; but the plot was discovered. This clock, which was to give the signal of attack, happened to be half an hour too fast, and the party that was to have been silently admitted, having shown itself before the appointed time, was observed, and baffled.'

From Basle our author proceeded to Baden, of the castle of which he relates the following anecdote, with which we conclude our notice of the work:—

'Within this castle there was once a terrible dungeon, deep and dark, called the Virgin's Embrace; above it was a trap-door, upon which if any one stepped, he fell instantly down into the deadly gulf. Some years ago a dog had fallen in, and, in extricating him, remnants of clothes and bones, and instruments of torture, were found.'

PERCEVAL'S HISTORY OF ITALY.
(Concluded from p. 243.)

MR. PERCEVAL traces the progress of Italian history with great care and discrimination, and describes the varied scenes of which that country has been the theatre, with considerable ability. In his account of Florence, towards the close of the fifteenth century, he gives the following interesting and singular narrative of the fate of the fanatic, Savonarola:—

'During the troubles excited in Italy by the expedition of Charles VIII., the internal condition of Florence afforded a singular and striking example of the power of religious en-

thusiasm. Since the expulsion of Piero de Medici, the political councils of that republic had been almost wholly swayed by the influence of a fanatic of extraordinary character. This was the famous Girolamo Savonarola, a Dominican friar of noble birth, who, though a native of Ferrara, had established himself at Florence, in a convent of his order, during the life-time of Lorenzo de Medici. As a preacher, he was then already distinguished by the sanctity of his demeanour, his impassioned eloquence, and his vehement calls to repentance. He declared himself the chosen minister of the Almighty to denounce the wickedness of the age and the scandalous corruptions of the Church of Christ, and to foretell the chastisements of the divine wrath. He soon gained a prodigious ascendancy over the minds of his hearers; and he began, even before the death of Lorenzo, to show that his designs were political as well as religious. During the imprudent administration of Piero his boldness increased; he thundered from the pulpit against temporal usurpation, as well as against ecclesiastical abuses and individual sins; and his addresses to the immense assemblages of his auditors were not more sermons than violent exhortations to the assertion of democratical rights. The terror excited by his fearful predictions combined with his political harangues to form a numerous party, who were equally distinguished by their devotional austerity and their zeal for liberty; and the spirit with which he animated his disciples contributed not a little to the expulsion of the Medici.

'After that event, all the families exiled in the sixty years, during which the dominion of the Medici had lasted, were restored to their rights; and among them the collateral branch of his own house, which Piero had driven into banishment. Florence was now divided into three parties; and of these the strongest was that of the Frateschi or Piagnoni, the monastics or penitents, of which Savonarola was the despotic leader; and it contained not only the majority of the lower people, but a great number of citizens of wealth and family, among whom Francesco Valori and Paol' Antonio Soderini were the most conspicuous. This faction was violently opposed by an association of great families, which acquired the name of the Compagnacci or libertines, and, desiring to replace the authority of the Medici by an oligarchy, denounced the friar upon all occasions as a false prophet and factious impostor. The discomfited adherents of the Medici, the Bigi, or the grey as they were called from the obscurity in which they were compelled to hold themselves, formed the third and weakest faction. But the partisans of Savonarola bore down all opposition; and I shall not stop to relate the uninteresting changes in the form of administration which left the real guidance of the republic in the hands of the friar.

'The fanatical madness with which he filled the great mass of the citizens had, however, one singular effect in determining the bias of the republic in political transactions. He had ventured to prophecy that Charles VIII. was destined to be the divine instru-

ment in reforming the church; and to the general confidence in his predictions is to be attributed the patient continuance of the Florentines in the alliance of that monarch, under his injurious treatment of them, and even after they had been compelled to close their gates against him. After the return of Charles into France, a conspiracy, formed by the adherents of the Medici to re-establish the authority of Piero, betrayed the real ambition and lust of worldly power, which lurked under the wild enthusiasm or daring imposture of Savonarola. To secure the execution of the conspirators, who had alarmed the fears of his party, he countenanced the violation of a law which had been previously enacted at his own suggestion. This desertion of his principles, together with the failure of his prophecies on the divine mission of Charles and the miraculous assistance which his arms were to receive, shook the credit of Savonarola; but his ruin was hastened by an opposing spirit of fanaticism, as strange as that which he had himself excited.

'In his denunciations of the crimes of the church, Savonarola had not feared to expose the scandalous life of the pope himself. Alexander VI., who trembled at the dangerous example offered by his public reproaches, was rendered his implacable foe. He excommunicated him as a heretic, and, allying himself with the enemies of the friar, stirred up the rival monastic order to preach against him. An obstinate contest thus commenced at Florence, into which the Franciscans and Dominicans eagerly entered against each other, as if the honour of their respective rules were staked on the quarrel. To prove the truth of the doctrines of Savonarola, one of his disciples and brethren, a Dominican friar, challenged any individual among his opponents to pass with him through a flaming pile. A Franciscan was found insane enough to submit to the test; and to such a pitch of excitement was all Florence roused in the question, that the fearful contest was made a business of state. The flames were kindled before the signory and an immense concourse of the people; but when the champions appeared, Savonarola insisted that his brother should bear the consecrated host with him when he entered the fire. The Franciscan immediately seized the occasion to exclaim in horror against so sacrilegious a proposal; but Savonarola was inflexible, and the day closed while the point was yet in dispute. But the populace were furious with disappointment at the loss of the horrible spectacle which they had anticipated; they revolted at the impious desire of Savonarola to commit their Saviour to the flames; and in that hour the dominion of the friar ended. His enemies availed themselves of the popular ferment to lead the mob to attack the house of Francesco Valori, his chief adherent; and that citizen and his wife were immediately murdered, and their residence consumed to ashes. Savonarola himself, abandoned by the people, was then seized, with two friars, his most devoted disciples; and their fate need scarcely be told. The pope was suffered to appoint a commission to try the three for heresy; and his vengeance was glutted

by their committal to the flames. The government of Florence then passed into the hands of the political opponents of Savonarola—the faction of the Compagnacci.'

It is impossible to read an account of the noble struggle that the several states of Italy made to resist the yoke forced on them, without regretting the want of that bond of unity, which could alone preserve their independence, and without contrasting the bravery of the Italians of the middle ages with those of the present day. Among the tyrants of Tuscany were Cosmo the First and his son Francesco :—

' The reign of Cosmo had been sullied by numerous acts of atrocious cruelty, ingratitude, and perfidy, which were poorly relieved by his passionate taste for literature and art. There is sometimes retribution on earth, even for successful crime : a fearful domestic tragedy embittered the latter years of Cosmo, and thickened the gloom of that self-bereavement in which he had left himself, by spurning his early friends and supporters from his side. Two of his sons perished under circumstances of such mystery and shame, that their fate was sedulously enveloped in an obscurity which the public eye never entirely penetrated. But it was believed that one of them, Don Giovanni, fell by the hand of his brother, and that the miserable father sternly revenged his death by plunging his dagger in the heart of the guilty fratricide, Don Garcias—even in the arms of his other parent, Eleonora di Toledo, who sank into her grave under this accumulation of horrors.'

Francesco was even worse than his father :

' The discovery, in 1578, of a last conspiracy of the partisans of liberty at Florence, to overthrow an usurpation which no lapse of time could legalize, gave occasion to display all the merciless spirit of the grand duke. A great number of persons were executed ; nor was the appetite of Francesco for blood thus satiated. Against the distinguished exiles who, having, in 1537, escaped the fate of Filippo Strozzi and his associates, still survived, and to whom Catherine de Medici had given refuge at the French court, the grand duke employed a regular system of extermination. He took the most expert Italian assassins into his pay, and sent them to his ambassador at Paris. To aid the work of the dagger, he supplied that agent of murder with subtle poisons, of which, under pretence of making chemical experiments, Cosmo I. had established a manufacture in his palace ; and he set a price of four thousand ducats upon each of the enemies of his house. It was in vain that the wretched exiles, discovering their danger by the assassination of the first victim of this infernal plot, dispersed from Paris, and endeavoured to bury themselves in remote provinces of France and other countries : the emissaries of the grand duke, rendered indefatigable by avarice, were successful in dogging their flight, and permitted them neither escape nor repose until the last of them had passed from a violent death into the quiet of the grave.'

' The only remaining event of importance in the reign of Francesco was his marriage

with Bianca Capello, celebrated for her adoption by the republic of Venice. The whole story of this lady is a romance ; but a romance rounded with a tale of murder. The daughter of a nobleman of Venice, she had inspired a young Florentine with an ardent attachment, which, imagining him to be a man of birth, she had suffered herself to return. On discovering his humble station, she implored him not to complete the ruin of their common fortunes by persisting in his suit. But she could not refuse him a last adieu and a nocturnal assignation ; and, on attempting to regain her father's palace, she found the gates already closed. The first imprudence led to a greater ; she threw herself into a gondola with her lover, accompanied him to Florence, and there married him. Thenceforth she lived in obscurity, until the Duke Francesco saw her by chance, was inflamed with a violent passion by her beauty, and made his intention to reconcile her with her family the pretext of frequent visits. Her husband was invited to court, loaded with advancement,—and assassinated. The grand duke then shortly became a widower. He retained Bianca in his palace, and sent ambassadors to Venice to demand her hand ; and the senate, desirous to honour the future grand duchess with a fitting preparation for a throne, adopted her by the title of " daughter of the Venetian republic."

Her marriage with the grand duke was then concluded, but not without the violent opposition of his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinando. After some years, however, the indignation of the cardinal, at the unworthy alliance of his house with the dissolute child of a Venetian noble, appeared to have subsided ; he was reconciled with the ducal pair and invited them to a banquet ; but it was only to administer poison to them both.'

We shall make one or two extracts more, relating to the bravery with which the Genoese shook off the Austrian yoke in 1746, when an insurrection was produced by a petty incident that occurred in the streets of Genoa : the main Austrian and Piedmontese army were passing into Provence :—

' In the removal of a mortar, its carriage broke down ; a crowd was collected ; an Austrian officer insolently struck a Genoese with his cane, who refused to assist in extricating the gun ; and the long-smothered hatred burst forth. The man boldly wounded the petty tyrant ; the populace immediately assailed the Austrian party with a shower of stones ; and the whole body of the lower people flew to arms. The numerous German garrison, confounded by the sudden revolt, attacked on all sides, entangled in the narrow streets of Genoa, and crushed under missiles from the housetops and windows, were overpowered and routed in detail. Their commanders, like themselves, were seized with a panic terror ; the strength of the insurgents increased during the night ; and every massive palace of Genoa was converted by the people into a citadel. In less than twenty-four hours, the Austrians were driven with disgrace from the city, with the loss of eight thousand men, and all their artillery and matériel ; and, finally, they were compelled to

evacuate the whole republican territory. The gates of Genoa and the passes of the mountains were occupied and guarded by the citizens and peasantry ; and the independence of the republic revived.

' This glorious assertion of freedom deserves to be recorded as the work alone of the lower people of Genoa and its rural dependencies. Some few of the senators, indeed, had bravely directed the operations of the citizens, after the insurrection became general ; but their body collectively had for some time neither the energy to assume the military guidance of the state, nor the courage openly to support the desperate resolution of their subjects.'

The Austrians afterwards besieged the city, but—

' When the numerous Austrian and Piedmontese army, which had retired from Provence, forced the mountain passes and sat down before the walls, the courage of the Genoese and their allies set the formidable strength of their besiegers at defiance, and repelled all their attempts. When money was wanted, the ladies of Genoa voluntarily consigned their jewels to the public coffers ; when provisions became scarce, the inhabitants endured hunger without a murmur ; and, though their fate was for some time doubtful, their resolution never slackened. At length they were relieved by a French army, which compelled their enemies to raise the siege ; and in the following year the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle confirmed the recovered independence of the republic. But nobly and generously as the Genoese had saved their country, the fruits of the struggle were reaped only by the contemptible government whose cowardice had betrayed them ; and the brave people, with miserable infatuation, suffered the feeble oligarchy again to rear its baleful head, and to lord it over their legitimate rights.'

In concluding his work with the fall of Venice at the French revolution, Mr. Perceval thus elegantly describes the causes which led to this consummation of the long tragedy of Italy :—

' Among a free and happy and intellectual people, that tragedy will speak with a deep-fraught and awful application. By Englishmen it should never be forgotten, that it is only the abuse of the choicest bounty of Heaven, which has brought a moral desolation upon the fairest land of the universe,—that it is because the gifted ancestors of the Italian people consumed their inheritance of freedom in wanton and licentious riot ; because they recklessly gave the reins to their untamed and fatal passions ; above all, because, in the early cultivation and refinement of intellect, they forgot to associate it with virtue, and presumptuously neglected to hallow it by religion, that their descendants have come to this thing :—that they have been abandoned to the scorn and oppression of the despots of Europe, and have become a by-word of mingled contempt and pity to the more fortunate nations of the universe.'

Nothing that we could say, we are convinced, is necessary to show that Mr. Perceval's History of Italy is a valuable work.

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THE ALBUM.—NO. VIII.

AMONG the light and elegant of our periodicals, the Album has always been a favourite with us. The articles are, in general, spirited and well written, and there is nothing of an objectionable character ever sullies the purity of its pages. The eighth number, among other articles, contains an interesting account of the literature of the new world, an amusing history of beards, an essay on ancient Athens, and Paris before the revolution, from the French of M. de Jaucourt, a letter from a country curate, an account of Cervantes' captivity in Algiers, and several other smart articles, of a miscellaneous character. The following is the article on beards, to which we have already alluded:—

ON BEARDS.

‘The respect which has been shown to beards in all parts of the civilized, and in some parts of the uncivilized, world, is sufficiently known to the erudite; nay, a certain prejudice in its favour still exists, even in countries where the razor has long been omnipotent. This impression appears to arise very naturally from the habit of associating with it those ideas of experience and wisdom of which it is the emblem. It cannot wait upon the follies of youth; its bushy and descending honours are not known to grace the countenance of early life; and though it may be said in some degree to “grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength,” it continues to flourish in our decline. Not so with nations. It has been gravely remarked, that the decline and fall of beards has generally accompanied and foreshadowed the decline and fall of states. They were bearded Romans who conquered the then beardless Greeks; they were bearded Goths who vanquished the then beardless Romans; and they are bearded Tartars who threaten a second time to overwhelm the beardless and effeminate children of “western Europe.” Painting has carried the audacity of its eulogium still farther, having dared to make a long beard one of the characteristic marks of the Supreme Being. The pagan Jupiter, and the graver inhabitants of Olympus, would not be known without this majestic appendage. It was by touching the beard of Jove that the subordinate divinities swore the most sacred of their oaths. Philosophy, till our smooth-faced days, considered it as the appropriate symbol of the profession. Zoilus, according to *Aelian*, used to shave his head in order to nourish the growth of his beard and critical discrimination at the same time; and *Lucian* informs us of a certain individual who was deemed unqualified for a professorship which he aspired to, in consequence of the shortness of his beard. In fine, Judaic rigour, Egyptian wisdom, Attic elegance, and Roman virtue, have been the beard’s fond and cherishing protectors. The Jews anointed it with sweet unguents, and the sacred oil “ran down from Aaron’s beard to the skirts of his garment.” The Greeks, according to *Athenaeus*, wore their beards till they lost them and freedom together, in the time of Alexander the Great; the first who submitted to the curtailment bearing ever after the name

of *Korses*, or *Smooth-faced*. Alexander himself was as determined a reformer on this point as Peter the Great, although, when he compelled the Macedonians to shave their beards, he assigned a different reason; namely, that the length of their beards gave a handle to the enemy. Among the Romans, shaving the beard was not introduced, according to *Pliny*, till the year of Rome 454, when *Publius Sicinius* introduced a stock of barbers from Sicily. These gentlemen pushed their trade so actively that, in the time of *Scipio Africanus*, the Roman patriots shaved every day; and the period of cutting the beard for the first time was made the occasion of formal visits between the various branches of the aristocracy. *Chrysostom* observes that the kings of Persia had their beards knotted or woven together with gold thread; a custom which was also fashionable among the first kings of France. The Egyptian kings, if we may trust their monuments, were either wholly shaven, or had their beards cut into a rhomboidal form. The Chinese, according to *Leconte*, affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, by giving them a very diminutive growth of hair on the chin. In Russia, Peter the Great’s well-known shaving edict nearly caused a revolution; “No shaving,” was the watchword from *Petersburgh* to *Moscow*; and the autocrat was obliged to employ a certain number of able-bodied soldiers, in order, not so much to separate their beards from the Russians, as the Russians from their dearly-beloved beards. As to France, one of the greatest misfortunes which she had ever to lament, namely, the divorce of *Louis le Jeune* from *Elinor of Guyenne*, resulted from the fashion which this prince wished to introduce, of shaving the chin and cropping the head; the lady observing that she expected to have married a monarch and not a monk. The obstinacy of *Louis* in shaving himself, and the horror conceived by *Elinor* at the sight of a beardless chin, occasioned France the loss of her fairest provinces, and was indeed the primary cause of the war which raged between France and England for four centuries.

‘In England the Reformation gradually introduced liberty and free shaving; and finally expelled beards and the Stuarts together. Beards made a transitory effort to resuscitate their decaying honours in the anti-reformation days of Queen Mary; but, during the civil wars, they dwindled down to little better than military mustachios. One beard there is, however, so pre-eminent at that stormy period, as to deserve being handed down, by the genius of *Butler*, to posterity as the *Ultima Barbarum*. I refer to that of *Hudibras*:—

“In cut and dye so like a tile,
At sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixed with grey.”

‘Passing over to Spain, we shall not find the grave and magniloquent Spaniard behind other nations in high appreciation of beards. *Quevedo*, in his *Third Vision of Judgment*, introduces one of his countrymen, whose beard had been disordered while he was

receiving sentence, refusing to file off in the guardianship of a brace of evil spirits, till they had recompensed the ruffled emblem of dignity with a pair of curling irons. But none carry their affectionate respect for this distinguishing characteristic of man to a greater length than the Turks. It is, among them, the mark of liberty and authority, and many a Turk would prefer death to losing it. It is anointed and perfumed, as if it were sacred, and its preservation is a capital article of the Mahometan religion. A Turkish wife kisses the beard of her husband; a child that of his father; friends swear by it, and, in parting, reciprocally kiss each other’s beards with respectful devotion. They even gather up the hairs which drop from their beards while combing them, fold them up carefully in paper, and carry them for inhumation to the place where they bury the dead.

‘Nor was the Christian church, at one time, behind the Mahometan religion in reverence. Not only provincial and national, but general, councils have been convened, synods have been summoned, and cloistered chapters of every denomination have been assembled, to consider at different periods the character of this venerable growth of the human visage. Infinite disputes have been engendered, sometimes with respect to its form, at others with regard to its existence. The Catholic church in one age interested itself in contending for that pointed form to which nature conducts it; at a succeeding period anathemas have been denounced against those who refused to give it a rounder shape; and to these other denunciations have followed, which changed it to the square or the scallop.

‘Hitherto the disputes were confined to the western church; but, when innovation grasped the tonsors, when the beard lessened into whiskers, and the scythe of ecclesiastical discipline threatened to mow down every hair from off the “human face divine,” the churches of Asia and Africa took the alarm, and supported, by violence, invective, and remonstrance, their right and title to those undiminished honours of the chin which they enjoyed in the west.

‘The Gallic church alone made any effectual stand against the radical change of the ecclesiastical razor. Fierce contests were waged, with various success, by the *Barbites* and *Anti-Barbites*; at length a compromise was made; and the bishops compounded the matter with their refractory clergy, by giving up the greater part of the beard, but retaining the growth of the upper lip in the form of whiskers. Tranquillity was thus restored; and the preacher of peace, for a considerable time after, appeared on all public occasions *en moustache*, exhibiting to his highly-edified flock the fierce terrific aspect of a German pandour, as an emblem of the church militant.

‘At length, the persecuted beard was driven from this, its last important place of refuge in our quarter of the globe, and, if we except the corner of European Turkey, now finds its only asylum in the Capuchin cloister.

“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

'I will conclude with an anecdote expressive of the distinctive character of the beard, as felt by unsophisticated minds.'

'Bougainville, when touching at Otaheite, was accustomed to leave there a couple of some kind of European domestic animals. In his last voyage, he had on board a Capuchin and a Franciscan, who, as is well known, differ from each other in the single circumstance of one having the beard shaved, and in the other suffering it to grow on the chin.'

'The natives, who had successively admired the various animals as they were disembarked, whether bulls and cows, hogs and sows, or he and she goats, shouted with joy at the appearance of the Capuchin. "What a noble animal! what a pity there is not a pair!" Scarcely was the wish expressed, when the shaven Franciscan made his appearance. "Huzza," exclaimed the savages, "we've got the male and the female!"'

The Pocket Annual Register of the History, Politics, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of the Year 1824. 18mo. pp. 510. London, 1825. Boys.

THE plan of this work is excellent, and the execution generally judicious. It embraces an immense quantity of useful information, condensed into a portable volume—such as the public history of Great Britain and our colonies; an historical account of Parliamentary proceedings, foreign history, public documents, and state papers; a copious chronicle of occurrences, trials and law cases, statistical details; biographical notices of about forty persons who died within the year; miscellanies of science, arts, literature, antiquities, &c.; extracts from new works, characters, and select poetry. As this is the first of a new annual volume, which is intended to be continued, the editor will consider us his friend, when we caution him to divest himself of everything approaching to party feeling, and to be as impartial as he is judicious in his selections.

Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley; a Romance of the Sixteenth Century, in three volumes. By MAC ERIN O'TARA, the last of the Seanaclasses: being the first of a projected Series, illustrative of Ireland. pp. 936. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE author of this work is an ardent and sincere, but not a blind, admirer of Ireland and the Irish character. His tale, which is interspersed with snatches of verse, possesses considerable interest, and is written with good feeling; the characters are generally well drawn, and the story is one that is likely to lead the reader from the commencement to that 'consummation so devoutly to be wished' in many works, 'the end.'

ORIGINAL.

THE NECESSITY OF AMENDING THE APOTHECARIES' BILL.

To Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P.

SIR,—In this age of excessively foolish and petty legislation, to the great injury of the community, I am glad to find you have

always opposed the passing of injurious and oppressive bills, and constantly pointed out their iniquitous and mischievous tendency. I do not, however, mean to accuse members of a deliberate design, in giving their votes to the support of bills which, they must know, when passed into law, will operate to the injury of many. I am inclined to attribute that inattention, or rather misfortune, to a deficiency of knowledge on the subjects about which they legislate. Among the numerous instances of this kind which I could produce, I shall only, for the present, mention one—the *Apothecaries' Bill*. Members, in suffering that bill to pass through the house in the way that it did, evidently showed they *legislated in the dark*. It is impossible that bill could ever have passed into a law, had they not been entirely ignorant, or wholly indifferent, on the subject about which they were legislating. Had they been aware they were investing a company with arbitrary and unreasonable powers, altogether unworthy to be trusted with them, which they have now abused, in vigorously enforcing to the exclusion of many well-educated and respectable surgeons, they would assuredly not have indulged them so far. Had their authority been vigorously exerted in detecting ignorant quacks, as was understood to be the sole object of the bill, or had its operation been solely directed against those *impudent fellows* who are continually advertising their nostrums in the newspapers, and causing their names to be chalked on blind walls, it would have conferred a special benefit on society, and I should never have said a word on the subject.

But when it has a retrospective tendency, and has been used to prevent those young men from practising in London, as surgeons apothecaries, who have been educated at Edinburgh, and passed the College of Surgeons there, long before the passing of the bill, besides having served in the army and navy, with usefulness to the public, and with honour and credit to themselves, I cannot remain any longer silent, and not attempt to expose its injurious operation, and set forth the great hardships which so many well-educated and respectable persons are labouring under on that account. There are at this moment hundreds of surgeons in London affected by it; and, though they have all passed the College of Surgeons at Edinburgh, and have also been previously examined by the respective boards, before entering into the service of the army and navy, yet they are now told by the Company of Apothecaries, whose utmost latitude of science does not extend farther than *culling simples*, and repeating over a *beggarly list of empty boxes*, that they cannot have the license to practise in London as surgeon-apothecaries, because, forsooth, they have not served an apprenticeship, of five years, to some of the fraternity of their *worshipful company*. So obstinate and unreasonable are they on this point, that that privilege would not be granted to them, even though they had the learning and experience of Hippocrates and the wisdom of Esculapius himself, merely because they have not complied with that useless and degrading

formality which it is almost impossible for the greater part of them to comply with.

Is not this a burden grievous to be borne?—an intollerable stretch of tyrannical authority, altogether insufferable for any *worshipful company* to exercise? I am sure it was never meant by the legislature to grant them so much power, or that it should be turned against the meritorious and deserving, who, as matters stand at present, are all at the mercy of that *worshipful company*, if they should practise without their license. I believe some have already been proceeded against, not for want of abilities or skill in their profession, but for not having complied with their petty and unreasonable regulations. There are several others who stand in jeopardy every hour of being proceeded against in the same manner; besides, though they should not be troubled, they are precisely in the same condition as outcasts from society, for they cannot recover an account due to them, in any court of law.

These are grievances sufficient to warrant you to attempt an alteration of the bill, which I am happy to learn you have already brought before the house. You have the good wishes of all the sons of Esculapius in London, labouring under these disabilities, for your success. They earnestly hope that that wonted eloquence and strength of intellect, called forth and employed on other occasions, will not be wanting in their cause, and will procure for them the repeal of a bill whose operation is so injurious and hurtful to them.

Let these few words suffice, in the meantime, to remind you of the hardships they are doomed to suffer. I may, perhaps, by and by, when I have more leisure, give a larger statement and a fuller explanation.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
AN ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

24th April, 1825.

ENTERTAINING AND INTERESTING AUTHORS.

IN this age of universal writing and reading, when books are as much among the necessities of life as food and lodging, when newspapers are served up with new rolls in the morning, and muffins and magazines called for in the evening, when periodicals recur with the regularity of sirloins for family use, besides the provision made for extraordinary treats by novels, voyages, poems, and miscellanies, it is perhaps worth while to inquire after those dishes which we have at one period fed on with the highest relish, or recurred to most frequently without satiety?

Every elderly gentleman will answer this question by recounting his obligations to Tom Jones and Roderick Random, assure us that Humphrey Clinker is yet unparalleled, that the Bath Guide surpasses the Rejected Addresses, and remains unique at the present hour. He will be interrupted by his wife or sister, to recount her own interest in the Vicar of Wakefield as a girl, and her delight in Evelina and Cecilia as a woman. She will descant on the novelty and effect produced by Mrs. Ratcliffe's unrivalled romances, the Zeluca of Dr. Moore, the Henry of Cumberland, the Manor-House of

Charlotte Smith, the Nature and Art of Mrs. Inchbald, and almost persuade you that there were books as piquant and attractive, thirty years ago, as the tales of the Great Unknown in your own day. You will be ready to conclude that works of fiction have always enjoyed a paramount right to be considered *entertaining* and *interesting*, and allow that, with all the merit of the Waverley novels, it is only in their *periodicals* that the present day exceeds what has gone before it, since Robinson Crusoe (the best of all fictions produced in our language) preceded Smollett and Fielding. But softly, gentle reader! do not be too sure on the subject: a book may be very entertaining that is not deeply interesting, and it may be exceedingly interesting, though not, in the nature of things, calculated to be entertaining. We are all sensible that, to make our pleasure perfect, a work should unite these qualities, and add to them that of being profitable also; but this still rarer union must be very seldom expected: we must be content to be amused at sometimes and instructed at others, if we expect either quality to be carried high. We know of no other hero who, like Don Quixote, inspires wisdom and excites laughter at the same moment.

In fact, our taste for books and the consequent interest and diversion they give, is so much governed by the effects of time and circumstance, the rise and depression of the spirits, and the state of our health, our prospects, or even of our purses, that it is very possible the work which delights one person may fail even to please another, and we are all aware that the love-story which deluged us with tears in early life is trifling and vapid in manhood, not because we feel less, but because we feel differently. Those bright eyes which have wept over the sorrows of Werter have read and 'given no sigh' when honest Tom Bowling declares, 'that he has not shivered a biscuit these two days'; but the time may come when the distress of the kind-hearted old sailor will burst on their hearts with all the simple and irresistible pathos which renders truth the most elegant of all pleaders. When we are enjoying bodily and mental ease, or such a degree of them as to leave us in possession of our usual perception, we may be pleased by our usual course of reading; but when we are in a state of feverish excitement or nervous languor, food of a different quality is called for,—a circumstance well worthy consideration, since we all know, to the partially ailing, the lingeringly convalescent, books are invaluable. Within a short time, we ourselves injured a young friend recovering from an attack which left him too weak for conversation by putting Reginald Dalton into his hands, in reply to his request for the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The next day we found him with heightened pulse, forbidden to leave his bed. 'How could you send me that book?' said he, 'I merely wanted to renew an acquaintance with an old friend to sooth my captivity, and you took me into company with people who interested and charmed me, and made me ill again.'

We committed this mischief in conse-

quence, perhaps, of recollecting a very different case. Some years ago, a young beauty of our acquaintance, recovering from a severe illness, desired her sister to read to her something that should be *very* amusing, 'I will send for a new novel, my dear, or would you prefer a poem?' 'Neither, my dear Catharine; I want something that will *interest* me *exceedingly*: if it be possible, get me the *Newgate Calendar*.'

Many a time in after days was this dear girl (who, by the way, is now the wife of a judge,) joked with on this subject; but doubtless her choice was a natural, and therefore a wise one. She felt a desire, that the languor and stupor of her mind should be roused by a subject of intense interest, and she had been so recently on the brink of the grave, that awful realities were more likely to affect this purpose than even the most splendid fictions. The anxious investigation of a murder, the awful workings of a spirit agitated by the remembrance of the horrible past and fears of the terrible future, the tenderness of contrition arising by degrees out of the dark and loathsome bosom of crime and ferocity, have in themselves an excitement and interest far beyond the stimulants of fictitious sorrows and imaginary horrors.

If that author is deemed most meritorious who has been most generally read—who can entertain us in despite of the languor of disease, or interest us when under the pressure of misfortune—who can charm even the 'dull cold ear' of poverty and age, engage the flippant to pursue his page unwearied, the most careless to reflect, and the most volatile to feel—surely the palm must be given to an author whose very name will shock the ears of refinement, and blanch the cheek of fashion,—old John Bunyan. This assertion may be derided, but it cannot be denied; since it is incontrovertible that no other book has been so much read in days past, and that in the present day it occupies places where no other (save the Bible) ever enters, without being therefore banished out of many extensive collections. In fact, the Pilgrim's Progress will be found in some corner of every tradesman's book-case, from John a Groat's to Penzance; and, although, except amongst the professedly religious part of the community, it is perhaps now seldom purchased, which of us does not remember reading it at some period of our lives with eagerness and delight? Who is there that does not recollect that, in despite of coarse allusions, quaint language, overstrained conclusions, and all the peculiar doctrines of gone-by times, there was in its poetical machinery, richness of allegory, facility of dialogue, and entire originality, something which rendered it the most entertaining of all narratives? The subject inevitably makes it interesting, for it is the heart of man and his immortal destination; but such is the abundant fancy displayed in the story, that it is certain we are apt to forget the intention.

Isaac Walton is also a standard author of wonderful powers, though he is as remarkable for his simplicity of style as Bunyan is

for his complexity. He has this remarkable advantage—that, with the *utmost* modesty, he is yet the hero of his book: we talk with him, fish with him, and love him personally, whereas the author is not even remembered in the progress of Christian, or the battles of Mansoul. The general ideas adopted of the puritans of Bunyan's time are unfavourable, and the recollection that the author was a tinker and a tagger of laces is not in the present day recommendatory circumstances of the man or his works; but all those who admit the power of genius must allow him to have possessed such a portion of it as will compel admiration, in despite of the vulgarity and bigotry conspicuous in his writings.

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a very entertaining book; Buchan's *Family Physician*, a very interesting one, as its numerous editions prove; and, in the present universality of bilious complaints, perhaps Abernethy's work will be found nearly as attractive. We may descant learnedly, or reason profoundly, on the merits or deficiencies of authors, affect to patronize the fashionable, or deify the obsolete; but the *useful*, whether for pleasure or assistance, is, after all, the dearest to our hearts. For our own parts, we are sincerely thankful to all who have helped us, whether living or dead, from Dilworth to Quentin Durward, from a song which has cheered to a sermon which has reproved us, and, if time permitted, could prattle by the hour on past and present friends of this description. We cannot conclude without adding, that there is a book extant, by many authors, not only infinitely more important, but more entertaining than all others; in which, the most interesting history, the most affecting private anecdotes, and sublime poetry may be found, together with information that may add happiness to the hour of health and prosperity, consolation to that of sickness and adversity; and it may be therefore considered at once entertaining and interesting.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LIFE.

THE sun has sought his western bed;
The summer evening breezes blow;
The glowing clouds stain ocean red,
And paint another sky below.
Her silver lamp's vanescent light,
The paly moon, can scarce be seen,
Till daylight, melting into night,
Proclaims her undisputed queen.

And, hark! the moonlit waves around,
In oozy caves, are murmuring low;
With plaintive, soft, and wailing sound,
Like sea-nymph chanting tale of woe;
A scene so fair, a calm so still,
Ah! why should ever tempest mar—
Ah! why should roaring surges fill,
Those caves with din of watery war?

Yet such is life—a breath destroys
Youth's fairy-tinted dreams of pleasure—
Its fondest hopes—its dearest joys,—
And robs it of its fancied treasure.
But, as the tempests cease to lower,
As nature smiles amid her tears,
E'en so shall Grief resign its power,
And Heaven repay our toils and fears. B.

KATHLEEN: A SONG.

AIR—*The Humours of Glin.*

O' DISTANT, but dear, is that sweet island,
wherein
My hopes, with my Kathleen and kindred,
abide;
And, far though I wander from thee, emerald
Eri !
No space can the links of my love-chain
divide.
Fairst spot of the earth!—brightest gem of the
ocean!
How oft have I wakened my wild harp in
thee;
While with eye of expression, and heart of
emotion,
Listened Kathleen ma vourneen, cushlih ma
chree.
The bloom of the moss-rose—the blush of the
morning,
The face of my fair one discloses their dye;
What ruby can rival the lip of ma vourneen?
What diamond, in dazzle, can equal her eye?
Her silken hair vies with the sunbeams in
brightness;
Her bosom is white as the surf of the sea;
And the footstep is like to the fairies' in light-
ness,
Of Kathleen ma vourneen,—cushlih ma
chree !
Fair muse of the minstrel! beloved of my
bosom !
As the song of thy praise and my passion I
breathed,
Thy fair fingers oft, with the triad-leaved blos-
som—
Sweet Erin's green emblem—my wild harp
hath wreathed,
While with soft melting murmur the bright
river ran on,
That by thy bower follows the sun to the sea.
Then O ! soon dawn the day I review the
sweet Shannon,
And Kathleen ma vourneen—chuishlih ma
chree !

IMLAH.

THE MARTYRS.

Now swiftly, down the burning steep of day,
The golden sun had reach'd his radiant course,
And upon Rome departing glory shed,
Lovely—sublime ! The scene on the left,
O'er verdant plains and distant fertile fields,
With every varied gift of Ceres rich,
Through vineyards, blushing with the redd'ning
grape,
The far-famed Tiber rolls his yellow wave.
See, on the right, the imperial city rise,
Her forum, her theatres, and her temples all
Lofty, she sits, the mistress of the world,
Upon her throne of seven hills sublime.
'Tis now the hour the prætor gives the law,
And Curiosity, on tip-toe raised,
Beckons the flocking crowd to hasten on.
Guarded by fasces of the lictor train—
A motley group, the sons of crime come forth.
Here ev'ry various passion is beheld,
That rules or rages in the lawless soul :
Despair casts on the earth his wither'd glance;
Remorse pours forth his heavy sighs and groans;
Fear, pale and trembling, at his shadow starts,
And *dark Revenge* deep meditates a death :
But there are two amongst this vicious train,
That seem of different sort and kind from
these ;—
The one, an aged man, over whose head
Full seventy winters, with their frosts, had
flown ;

Tho' time had bent to earth his aged form,
Tho' round him was a dusky toga thrown
(The garb of criminals), there linger'd yet
A form majestic, and a graceful mein ;—
One servile chain his daughter bound to him,
A maid more lovely than the brightest dream
That ever fitted round a poet's brow.
She look'd with terror on the rabble crew,
On the stern prætor and the fasces bright ;
Then upon high Heaven's cerulean arch
She gazed, and on the golden-skirted clouds
That met the sun-beam, where, to fancy's eye,
Bright seraphs, sons of Heaven, seem'd to sit
As tho' they waited for her coming ; then
Upon her, with a look benign, her father gazed ;
Paternal pity urg'd the falling tear
His Christian fortitude forbade to flow—
He seemed regardless of the varied scene,
And of aught else, except the one great cause
To which his every care—his life, was given.
Now met his eyes the radiant setting sun,
Whose fires, decreased, the yellow Tiber laved,
And to his soul he thus in secret spoke :—
‘O sun, like thee, I set like thee to rise,
But in a brighter better sphere than thine,
Where shines thy little orb but as a lamp,
To light the footsteps of a child of dust :—
Thou hast thy limit too ;—when that great
word .
Which called thee into birth thy end decrees,
Darkness shall veil thy face with gloomy night,
And all the heat of all thy fires depart.’
Now high the prætor waved his hand, his
voice—
Like rolling thunder, echo'd through the crowd :
‘Seize on those Christians, miscreants !’ he ex-
claim'd,
‘Foes to the Gods and rebels to the state.’
Thus said, the lictors on their victims rush'd,
With all the fury of a tiger's rage—
With all the inhumanity of man:
Far worse than those who, savage, roam and
seek
Amidst the gloom of woods and wilds their prey,
They snatch the daughter from her sire's em-
brace ;
Nor Age's silver locks, nor beauty's bloom,
Move hearts as marble as the Parian rock.
Now eve's dun shadows flitted o'er the scene,
But ere, unveiled by the uprising sun,
Th' eternal city burst upon the view,
The holy martyrs were condemned to die.

R. M.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE — A new tragedy, entitled *Orestes in Argos*, was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night. It is from the pen of the late Mr. Bailey, the author of a very clever work, entitled *Sketches in St. George's Fields*. It is founded on the well-known Grecian story, which has occupied the pens of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Voltaire, Crebillon, Alfieri, &c. Many attempts have been made to adapt these to the English stage. Goffe borrowed his Orestes from that of Euripides and the Electra of Sophocles. The play was acted by the students at Oxford, and the author spoke the prologue. Hughes began a tragedy of Orestes, from Euripides, but did not live to complete it. Theobald dramatized that incident in the story of Orestes, when he and Pylades, with the aid of Iphigenia, carried off the statue of Diana from Scythia Taurica. Theobald introduced some music in the piece, and, though in five acts, called it a dramatic

opera. Banister, Wodhull, and R. Potter, all translated the Orestes of Euripides. Old Dekker wrote a play, called *Orestes Furies*, of which, we believe, no copy is extant ; and Sotheby has, in our own day, made it the subject of a beautiful, though unacted, tragedy. Dr. Franklin, who had a tolerable share of vanity, thought he could teach France that neither love nor episodes were necessary in a tragedy, and translated Voltaire's *Orestes*, which was performed in Paris, in 1750. When it was acted, the initials of the line of Horace—

‘Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,’
being printed on the pit tickets, O.T.P.Q.M.U.D. a wag explained it as, *Oreste Tragedie Pitiable, Que M. Voltaire Donne — Orestes, a pitiable tragedy, which M. Voltaire exhibi-*

tis. The *dramatis personæ* of the piece now under notice were thus arranged :—

Ægisthus, usurper of the *throne of Argos*, { Mr. Bennett.
Orestes, son of Agamemnon, { Mr. C. Kemble.
Pylades, his friend { Mr. Cooper.
Arias, an old officer of Agamemnon's, { Mr. Egerton.
Lycus, an emissary of Ægisthus, { Mr. Evans.
Clytemnestra, reigning with Ægisthus in Argos { Mrs. Bartley.
Electra, daughters of Agamemnon & Clytemnestra, { Miss Lacy.
Chrysothemis, { Miss Jones.
Nemesis, { Miss Hammersley.

The play opens with a musical incantation and view of the Grove of the Furies, after the murder of Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ægisthus. Electra appears in a slave's habit and in chains, invoking vengeance on the murderers of her father. Chrysothemis crosses her path, charged with offerings to be made at Agamemnon's tomb, by Clytemnestra, who, agitated between her guilty passion and remorse for her crime, dared not present them in person. Clytemnestra now comes on, and is venting her remorse under the stings of her own conscience, and the reproaches of her daughter, when the tyrant appears, silences the one, and threatens the other with casting her out, the wife—or something worse—of an abject slave. Electra, in her extremity, encounters two strangers: a dialogue ensues, reference is made to the murder of Agamemnon; his very tomb is in view—mutual sympathy is excited, the strangers are no other than Orestes and Pylades, and the former, wrought upon by the condition of his sister, discovers himself in spite of the remonstrance of his friend. Their purpose in coming is, of course, vengeance on Ægisthus; the pretence that of being messengers bearing tidings to him of Orestes' death. Pylades carries an urn, in which his ashes are supposed to be contained; Orestes next discovers himself to his mother, and immediately gains admittance to the presence of the tyrant.—The urn, however, contains the ashes of Ægisthus's son, who had been slain by Orestes. The tyrant then orders the two friends to instant execution; but Orestes, appealing to the Argives, is rescued: he then

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pursues Egisthus, whom he slays, and, by a thrust in the dark, also kills his own mother. When he learns the fatal parricide, he sinks into the arms of his friend Pylades.

The play is written with much vigour and poetic feeling: it contains several beautiful passages, and had the advantage of being well acted. Mr. C. Kemble, in Orestes, displayed all the ardour of youth, the affection of a son, and the fidelity of a friend. Miss Lacy's Electra was excellent throughout, and, without wishing to pun on so serious a subject, we may say that, in some scenes, she electrified the audience. Cooper made as much of Pylades as the character would admit of. The play was received throughout with unmixed applause, and, when somewhat curtailed, cannot fail of having a run.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—Mathews 'enacts more than a man' in filling this theatre; and his *Memorandum-Book* is as popular as ever. Indeed, we always think Mathews improves as he proceeds, as an actor of his humour does not confine himself to precisely what is set down to him, but throws in his own jokes, as occasion serves.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE opened on Monday night for the season, with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a ballet, and *The Agreeable Surprise*. The house presented no new feature either of decoration or improvement, and its dinginess revived, at first sight, the uncomfortable ideas that will ever associate while it remains unaltered. The list of performers engaged includes many acknowledged favorites, two or three of whom only were discoverable when God save the King was sung, by the corps, at the rising of the curtain. —Mr. Dowton's Falstaff is a rich performance, and, perhaps, as chaste as its immortal author intended it, yet not unlikely to give offence to the saintly portion of playgoers; the first scene between him and Mr. Ford was singularly animated—both being sufficiently waggish. Mrs. Humby, from the Dublin Theatre, made her debut as Cowslip, in *The Agreeable Surprise*, which she played with genuine simplicity, and sang so sweetly and distinctly, that we have no doubt she will become a favourite English ballad-singer.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. W. TYROR, of Liverpool, has recently obtained a patent for a portable pump and fire-extinguishing engine, which surpasses in excellence all the ingenious inventions of the kind yet offered to the public. This engine can either be worked by hand or by the wind, having a rotary motion. A pump of a moderate size, on this plan, will raise water out of a ship's hold twenty-nine feet deep, at the rate of two tons a minute, and has the advantage of answering the purposes of an air-pump in hot climates. In long voyages, it will preserve ships from rotting, keeping them sweet by means of ventilation; and the motion of the engine is so quick, that it has actually raised water without the lower boxes. These pumps are worked by tooth and pinion wheels, and have three separate actions; they may be worked a whole day, by two boys, without great fatigue, on the slowest motion,

and six or eight men can raise upwards of two tons of water each minute with the quick motion. It is to be regretted that this ingenious and very useful invention has not become more generally known; it possesses several excellent properties, which are best appreciated on inspection; but we shall not drop our notice without observing, that the apparatus will last for several years, without being liable to get out of order, and cannot be choked up in a ship with slack, wheat, or corn.

The King of France, Charles X., has presented to the *Jardin des Plantes*—1. The mineralogical collection purchased by the civil list, the value of which is 300,000 francs; it is the most complete and the most remarkable collection in Europe: 2. A superb collection of fungi in wax, executed by Dr. Pinson, valued at 20,000 francs.

The *Times* newspaper, one day last week, in its usual sheet and a supplement, contained 827 advertisements; the duty on which to government amounted to 1441.14s.6d. exclusive of the stamp-duty and the duty on paper.

A new and large Selenographia, or Delination of the Moon, is about to be published at Dresden by M. Lohrmann, the Royal Astronomer, from observations made for several years by himself in the observatory of that place.

Signor Fattori, an Italian surgeon, proposes, as a remedy for the tooth-ache, the division of the nerve supplying the diseased tooth; and, to effect this, he has invented a new instrument, by which he perforates different parts of the painful tooth, and cuts through the nerve. The tooth is, by this operation, for ever afterwards rendered insensible.

In the press, The Remains of the Rev. Christian Frederick Schwartz, missionary in India, consisting of his letters and journals, with a sketch of his life.

Mr. Mitchel is preparing for the press, a Dictionary, to combine the classic and modern Greek languages, distinguishing words as common or peculiar to either, and a compendium of mere modern words.

Count Vincenzo Deabbate, of Alba, near Turin, is about to dispose of his celebrated collection of paintings. Among them are two Claude Lorrains, painted on copper, twenty inches by twenty-six each, which the count bought of her Royal Highness the Countess D'Artois, when that princess, being compelled to emigrate from France, passed some time at Turin. These two landscapes are in perfect preservation, and form choice specimens of Claude's pencil.

New Bark.—The celebrated traveller, Humboldt, communicated to the Academy of Sciences, on January 3, 1825, that he had received a letter from Dr. Brera, clinical professor at Padua, informing him that a new bark had been discovered, to which the name of 'quina bicolor' had been given, and which, in very small doses, is a more powerful febrifuge than the best bark.

Lights of Naphtha.—M. Hecker, comptroller of salt-mines in Galicia, has discovered that naphtha burns better than any oil in a

mine where foul air is prevalent, and that it is less injurious to the health of the workmen.

M. Courier, a lively French writer, who directed his powerful pen against the Jesuits, has recently been assassinated under mysterious circumstances.

M. Karl Krauterer, of Vienna, has obtained a patent, for one year, for a new invention, of which the following is the literal specification:—A carriage, with a moving, straight, and endless, iron rail-way, for the conveyance, as well of burdens however heavy, as of travellers, with very little friction and shaking, as easily, quickly, and without noise, as with carriages on fixed iron rail-roads, without any greater expense of propelling power, up or down hill, and in any optional lateral direction, over paved or unpaved roads, whether passing over meadow, clay, or sandy ground; lastly, without causing dust or dirt in the roads, and without injuring them.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples has sustained a great loss, by the death of Count Giuseppe Franchi di Pont, one of the directors of the Royal Museum of Antiquities, and professor emeritus of archaeology: he was the author of several works and numerous valuable papers on the acts of the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c., especially a celebrated edition of Metastasio, with critical observations: his beautiful poem of *La Moabitide* was received with great approbation throughout Italy: he was distinguished for his virtues and his talents.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night	Evening 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather
April 15	50	65	51	30 20	Fair.
.... 16	51	63	50	.. 12	Do.
.... 17	46	53	40	.. 26	Do.
.... 18	40	51	39	.. 20	Do.
.... 19	39	49	40	.. 25	Do.
.... 20	45	56	50	.. 15	Cloudy.
.... 21	50	61	52	29 96	Fair.

THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A Mr. Pym, residing in Bartholomew Close, being unwell, employed a street-keeper, of the name of Develin, to keep the boys of the schools there in order. One of the boys, extremely fond of Martial and epigram-writing, wrote the following playful squibs on the name of the street-keeper:—

'The Close of Bartlemy's well known,
A Paradise to revel in;
The saints from thence drove out the boys,
And then they let the Devil-in.'

Another ran thus:—

'If P Y M be Y M P,
Then Pym is imp, 'tis clear to see;
Now is it odd, in times so evil,
That a d—d Imp should raise the Devil?'

Henry VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess Dowager of Milan; but her answer is said to have been, that she had but one head; if she had had two, one should have been at his service.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to apologize to some of our correspondents for deferring to our next the insertion of their communications.

'Inquirer' is informed that the letter from Lord Raby to the Princess Sophia, in the *Literary Gazette* of last week, is not, as it is stated to be, *original*. It was printed, eight or ten years ago, in the *Monthly Magazine*, a work to which, as we have before shown, the *Literary Gazette* is indebted for its plan and title. The manuscript letter is in Dr. Birch's collection of *copied letters*, in the British Museum. Inquirer will easily find it by turning to Ayseough's Catalogue.

'The Recluse' feels too acutely. There is no act of Parliament of the nature he mentions, but a standing order of the house against such marriages, which can be set aside in every divorce bill.

Mr. D.'s anonymous 'talented' correspondent must always be considered as writing from unworthy motives, whilst he withholds his real name and address. His prognostications have proved so fallacious, that he will feel ashamed when he recollects them.

Works published since our last notice.—Feldborg's *Denmark Delineated*, royal 8vo. 21 plates, 12. 11s. 6d.—Jennings's *Dialects of the West of England*, foolscap, 7s.—Barton's *Poems*, with additions, 4th edition, 7s. 6d.—Thomson's *First Principles of Chemistry*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 10s.—Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, crown 8vo. 12s.—Keating's *Travels to St. Peter's River*, &c. 28s.—Holman's *Travels in Russia*, 2 vols. 28s.—Duncan on *Persecution for Religious Opinion*, 8vo. 8s.—Forsyth's *Medical Pocket-Book*, 18mo. 6s.—Campbell's *Mary and Elizabeth*, 8vo. 12s.—Woodley's *Tragedies*, 8vo. 6s.—Cox's *Young Artist's Companion*, oblong 4to. 2s. 2s.—Juvenile Prize Essays, 2s.—Death-Bed Scenes, 18mo. 7s.—Ferdinand's *Pupil*, 12mo. 4s.—Memorial of the Public Life of the Right Hon. James Oswald, 8vo. 16s.—Nicholson's *Operative Mechanic*, 8vo. one hundred plates, 30s.

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